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Collage by Philip Proctor

LET'S SUPPORT OUR BOYS



R0088

POETA EN NUEVA York Times

"All the News
That's Fit to Print" BY JONAH JAMESON

REMAINDER BY J CUNNICK

1 ★ "We cannot fail these anxious and these expectant millions [in Asia]," he said.
Anxious & expectant millions
Stare up in the sky,
As shiny US pigeons
In metal flocks pass by.
"We cannot fail these millions,
None shall call Lyndon liar!"
His Birds release
Their loads of peace
Turds of unceasing fire.

He was thinking of a number
Twixt zero & two
(The war continued on.)
Til one day Avis
With nothing to do
Advanced upon Saigon.
2 Cleaned out the ash trays
(Herculean feat) &
Pulled psychopaths out
Of the driver's seat.

3 RAND-programed the number
Of enemy slain
Into a giant-sized
Digital brain,
Which ground out an answer
(& then went insane):
To explain the increase
Each of the V.C.s
(Though killed eight times at least)
Must mate without cease.
END THE FUCKING WAR: WITHDRAW THE VIETNAMESE!



U.S. STUDY SCORES PACIFICATION PLAN

4 Two Experts Assert Saigon
Fails to Consult Peasants
The Harris Poll
This morning told
(My old fears have been calmed,)
Two out of three
Vietnamese
Are adverse to napalm.

While of the rest
Near half attest
Dislike for bombs that fall.
The remainder found
(Strewn on the ground)
Had no opinion
AT ALL.

JOHNSON ENDORSED BY HOUSE DEMOCRATS

Johnson endorsed by House Democrats
(It isn't too hard to figure:)
While children are endorsed by nepots--
& Wallace by House Niggers.

6 Captain Roche's allegation
became known shortly after
three Narcotics Bureau detec-
tives were indicted by a Fed-
eral grand jury on charges of
selling narcotics to pushers.
These charges are still pend-
ing.
Police review board plans
Were discarded as too rash:
One study showed
Oregon
Mixed in with the narcos' stash.

7 POLITICS VIEWED AS LSD ANTIDOTE

Expert Sees Hope as Young
Turn to Campaigning

Special to The New York Times
WASHINGTON, March 19—
Politics might replace pot and
pills, it was suggested here to-
day, as the opiate of the hal-
lucination generation this year
as more and more young peo-
ple tune out of the drug scene
and turn on to campaigning.
This suggestion was made to-
day by Dr. Donald B. Louria,
president of the New York
State Council on Drug Addic-
tion, who is an associate pro-
fessor of medicine at Cornell
University.

MCCARTHY SEEN AS ACIDOTE,
CAMPAIGN SURPASSES GRASS;
I watched the News while peaking once--
GOD GRANT MY DARVON LASTS.

Students to Aid Orphans

WASHINGTON, March 17
(AP)—Five thousand Texas
A. and M. students will skip
a meal next week and spend
the money instead to feed or-
phans in South Vietnam. Earl
Rudder, president of the univer-
sity at College Station, Tex.,
said Sunday the Aggies wanted
to express their backing of this
country's policy in Vietnam.

8 A letter from an orphanage
The other day arrived,
Signed SINCERELY
CUTE GOOK KID SANS ARMS:
(An offer to forego
A day of herbicide
In a show of firm support
For farms.

GEORGE TOOKER Landscape with Figures



Newsweek—Phil MacMillan
'Those who . . . question
the . . . word of the United
States . . . would subject
this nation to mortal danger'

John Spellman visited Seattle for a few days last week. Though there were no earth tremors in or about the city's control centers, many of his visited friends felt the old intestinal rumbles. That's Spellman's purative incantations tumbling the craws of his listeners like a rolling juggernaut that somehow managed to slip into the body. The effect is that one somehow wants to get rid of something. Sometimes it's Spellman, but as frequently it's feeling the effects of nosh-mom leader in your very midst: you want to go out and do something..... for Spellman even.

While his speculations were always and inevitably refueling action, his friends and colleagues speculations about him were always and failingly attempting to understand Spellman's ego. Some of Spellman's friends reserved a part of their sentimental energy for hating him. You had to save yourself from being annihilated in his presence. But Spellman's variety of ego-eating energy did not need self-conscious manipulations. He was and is no leader qua con-man. Spellman is, for all his behind-the-scene wheeling and dealing, emphatically Up-front. He tells you what he wants with no ass-kissing on the side.

Spellman is -- emphatically -- a great Civil Libertarian. As such his imagination is broadly erotic. He wants and effects contacts of all kinds. These are the political actions of the Kamasutra (about which you will remember Spellman is an "expert".) In the mind (read sub-arachnoid void) of a Mrs. Barger -- an old adversary -- he must circulate like some perversely plumbed spectre in the blood. John Spellman is a Comic Book Character: his actions are bigger than life or superhuman,

Last week four or five hundred Blacks-Only congregated at the Encore Ballroom during school hours to demonstrate in active support of H. Rap Brown who was up for trial on charges of assaulting an officer. (These were later dropped but Brown is still in jail in New Orleans on yet another charge.) The day of the demonstration, absenteeism at Garfield (normally high) doubled. Black militants are definitely opposed to being bussed-out to suburban schools. (cf. page 6)

But the most incredible example of student-administration confrontation to occur in this area is happening now in the rural clime that can least stand it. At South Kitsap High School John Freeburg--past winner of the Veterans of Foreign War's essay contest "What Democracy Means to Me", student officer, honor student, and from all appearances (cf. student body card insert) Kitsap County's prime nominee for All-American Boy--decided to start an underground paper. He titled it MIND-BODY. After the fourth issue he was suspended. Before the suspension the administrators had at least made gaming attempts at other avenues of suppression. They asked for censorship rights, advised him that he should contain such activities to the churches, warned him not to distribute the paper on campus for "it didn't contain a school schedule of events and contained in addition too many spelling and grammar errors (God forbid!) such inciting words as "screwed" and "hell". Finally, after issue three student-Freeburg was warned that if he continued he "might" be expelled.

The fourth issue of MIND-BODY was a corporate effort on the part of students from four high schools in the Bremerton area: East and West Bremerton, Central and South Kitsap. When Freeburg's principal got his copy he ran into an article he thought was directed at him. Ironically, for his reaction seemed to reinforce the argument of the article, he was wrong. The article--which is reproduced below--was not written by Freeburg but by a student at a different school (not South Kitsap but South Bremerton). But the principal was adamant in his insistence that it was indeed written by Freeburg about him: "This is written about me and you wrote it."

The Freeburg family--John's parents actively support his fascination with freedom of speech, that is, education--consulted the ACLU (they are now handling the "case"). Returning home to Kitsap after a visit with ACLU attorney Mike Rosen, they read in the local town gazette that John Freeburg, student at South Kitsap High, had been expelled for publishing a signed article claiming that his principal was a homosexual. This, of course, called for another visit to the ACLU.

SPELLMAN SWINGS



and his meglomania is a madness for rights. Like Nietzsche's Superman this involves a great tolerance. As a leader Spellman is never a father-figure. He is trying to organize a band of brothers.

Now he is no longer in Seattle because he excited the city too much. Out of an academic ambush he was politically disposed. Moving to the University of Windsor and the work of building his own department Spellman thought he might retire from his extracurricular passions. But "I was hoping I wouldn't get involved, but they're everywhere, and you really have to do it." So Spellman is once again doing it. He is available for debate.

His major efforts are directed at building a Canadian version of the ACLU. But in Canada there is no Bill of Rights, so as might be expected this is their first herculean project. The Seattle marijuana test case will be substantially aided by the mass of research that went into building a similar case in Boston a few months back. Spellman was the principal pot advisor for that one, and while a member of the Seattle board he frequently clamored to convince his peers to take up the marijuana matter.

John Spellman now owns a home on the shores of Lake Erie. It has a fireplace for scholarly reflections and a dingy for contesting the storms that come up quickly on that lake. Since the department he is building is so designed to cultivate the special interests of each student he has received a few static aghasts from the administration. But in Canada dept. heads have considerably more real power than at the UofW -- for instance -- and we can hear John Spellman laughing across the Saint Claire.

BUST SPEECH

SOUTH KITSAP HIGH SCHOOL
Port Orchard, Washington

1967
"WOLVES"
1968

STUDENT IDENTIFICATION CARD

NAME John Freeburg

ADDRESS _____

PHONE _____ GRADE 12



As a noted amateur psychiatrist, I was brought in to study the patient's case and to write an evaluation of _____ High School's principal.

It can be deduced from his over-concern with the regulation of the length of boys' hair at _____ High School, that our patient suffers from suppressed latent homosexuality. He is suppressing on a conscious level a subconscious attraction to males, seeking to identify them as such by reinforcing the present society's masculine norm of short hair. Any sign of "femininity" in a male disturbs him, as it brings to the surface these suppressed feelings. His consciousness, of course, seeks to justify his childish over-concern with hair by making his action one of "instilling good judgment" in the young. Obviously, only one suffering from some sort of mental disorder (i.e. an idiot could draw a correlation between the length of a person's hair and his good judgment).

It is further seen in his concern as to the length of girls' skirts at _____ High School. Masked again in the guise of "good judgment" and "better education," we see how he tries to keep the girls' skirts longer at _____. Actually, the patient is seeking to allay his fears of his homosexually derived, sexual inadequacy by relieving himself of the necessity of looking at the curve of a young girl's beautiful thigh. Do short skirts bother the boys at _____? Hell no. And again we see how any correlation between a shapely leg and better education is sheer delusion, especially if one takes into consideration the obvious oppressive effects of a conservative atmosphere on a supposedly educational environment. This conclusion, that my patient is suffering from a subconscious homosexuality, is the only one I have been able to make up to explain this administrator's mysterious, irrational behaviour. The way he stalks around the cafeteria looking for discarded lunch bags has always puzzled and intrigued me. I think maybe his mother hated him.

HELIX 1 YEAR

WE HAVE BEEN EXTANT ONE FULL YEAR AS OF THIS ISSUE. IN THAT SPAN WE HAVE MANAGED HARBOR AND INSTIGATE A VARIETY OF ACTIVITIES. BASIC NEEDS, JOB CORPS, OCS LIGHT SHOW DANCE CITY COUNCIL HASSEL, AND OUR OWN FREQUENTLY MEDIOCRE LABORS. IN THAT TIME WE HAVE ALSO MANAGED TO BUILD A DEBT OF OVER 3000 DOLLARS. SO NOW WE ACTIVELY SOLICIT DONATIONS. WE WILL ALSO HAVE TO ENJOIN OUR FUNCTIONAL JOY AT A BENEFIT DANCE APRIL 21st at EAGLES please start whispering to your friends about money.

BROKE

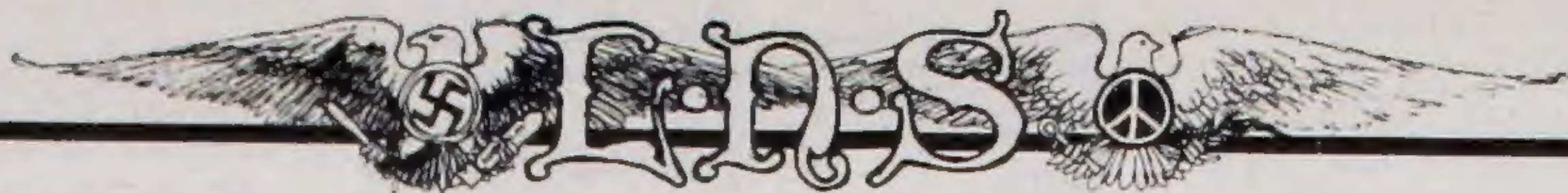


WAR RESISTERS LEAGUE
5 BECKMAN STREET, NEW YORK 10038

Submitted respectfully,
Doctor Sigmund Fraud



4



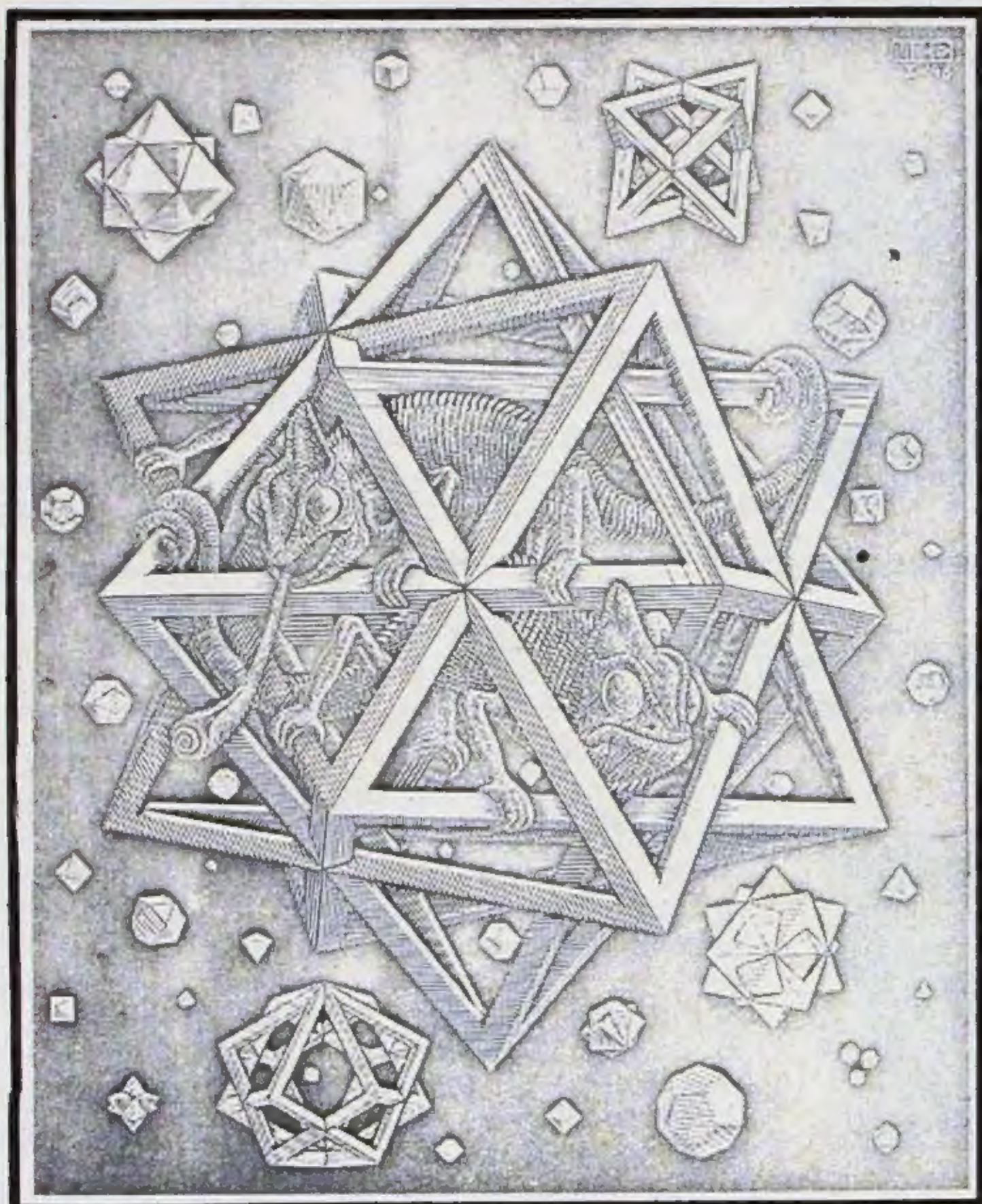
THE OAKLAND SEVEN

Oakland, Calif. The Oakland seven, indicted on conspiracy charges for their part in Oakland's Stop the Draft Week Demonstrations, will initiate a suit to halt the proceedings against them.

Terry Cannon, one of the indictees and editor of the Movement explained the strategy of the Oakland Seven: "We have to learn the lesson of the 50's. If we start copping out they're really gonna push. It's up to the people who are indicted to set the tone...defiance. If this kind of repression doesn't work, they may have to stop it... It's getting so you're not a respectable grand jury if you haven't got a conspiracy rap going against the local leftists...The indictments came after the emergence of the "new militancy" and the abandonment of non-violent tactics".

Dr. Spock speaking at a recent New York press conference said, "If this (Oakland) indictment holds up, any person can be arrested for planning even the most peaceful demonstration which might lead to an illegal activity." The Seven are charged under the law which makes it a felony to conspire to commit a misdemeanor. In this case they are accused of conspiracy to commit the various misdemeanors which occurred in Oakland during the Stop the Draft Week.

The Seven will seek an injunction to stop their trial on the grounds that the conspiracy charge is vague and in violation of the First Amendment. The indictments were handed down by J. Frank Coakly, District Attorney of Oakland. He launched his legal career in 1944 in the prosecution of 50 blacks who protested dangerous conditions and refused to load munitions after a munitions ship blew up and killed 300 people. All were found guilty of "mutiny"

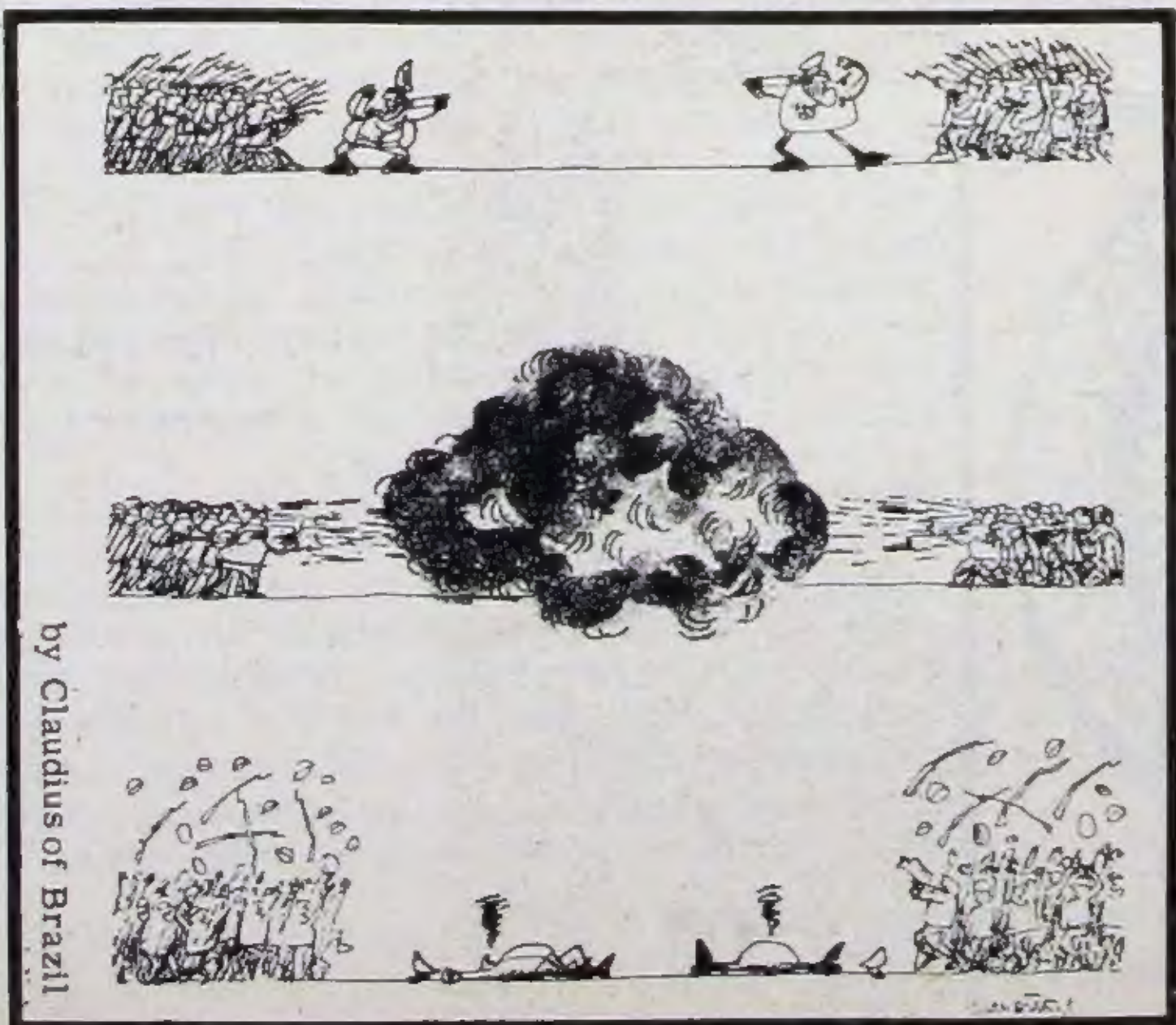


THE SCAB SACB

The Subversive Activities Control (SACB) has opened its hearings in New York's Foley Square, the hub of McCarthyism in the 50's. On trial will be the W.E.B. Dubois Clubs of America, a leftwing youth group with a membership of 3,000. The Board will hear evidence produced by the Attorney General of the U. S. designed to show that the Clubs are a Communist front organization, that is, controlled by the Communist Party of the U. S. A., which according to an earlier board ruling, is controlled by a foreign power...the Soviet Union.

One of the controversial aspects of the hearings is a new provision in recent amendments to the law. This provides for immunity from prosecution for anything said on the witness stand, thus, undermining the traditional Fifth Amendment right to refuse answering (self-incrimination).

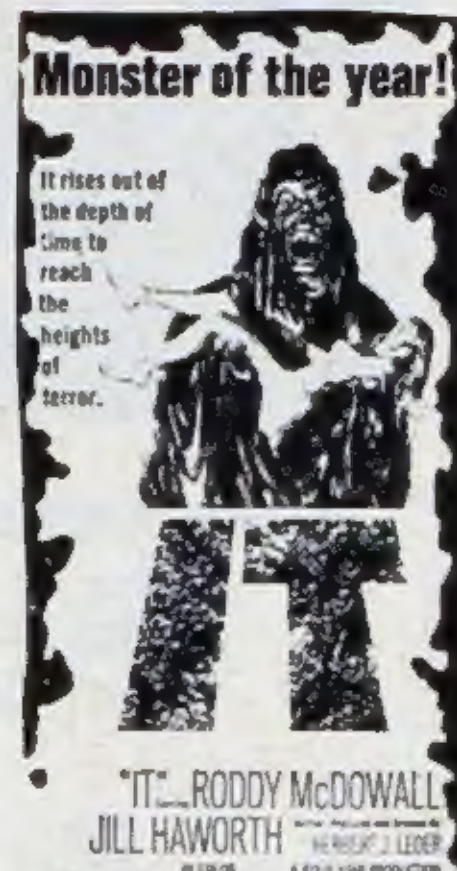
The SCAB was created by the Internal Security (McCarran) Act in 1950. Supreme Court decisions over the years undercut much of its power, and the Act was virtually dead until last year...then, President Johnson appointed his private secretary's husband, Simon Francis McHugh, to a five year term on the Board (salary \$26,000) and soon thereafter Attorney General Nicholas deB. Katzenbach initiated proceedings against the Clubs.



International Neutral
BARBED WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS ON A BATTLEFIELD
American soldiers advancing.

Bernard Weinraub, a Saigon correspondent for the New York Times, writing in Times Talk, the house organ of the Times:

"In some cases there is in Saigon a brutal and remarkable insensitivity to death. At a briefing a few months ago—one of those 'deep background sessions'—a brigadier general said with a smile, 'Well, I'm happy to say that the Army's casualties finally caught up with the Marines last week.' There was a gasp. A civilian U.S. mission officer, sitting next to the general, turned and said incredulously, 'You don't mean you're happy! The general was adamant: 'Well, the Army should be doing their job too,' he said."



Salt Lake City

The sheep are dying in Skull Valley. The dying began last week and 6,400 sheep are dead from an unknown poison that affects their central nervous system. Upwind of the Valley, the Army runs a super secret testing center, The Dugway Proving Grounds (doubtless named after Col. Dugway who valiantly recaptured the Clark Field Officers Club after its expropriation by the local camp followers). The concerned governor Calvin Rampton, and the senator from Utah, Frank Moss, have accused the Army of testing a new lethal nerve gas and demanded immediate investigation. The Defense Dept. has sent a top level team of experts under the command of Brig. Gen. William B. Stone to test for gas. The use of lethal gas in warfare is barred by the Geneva Convention.

Miller Band Busted in London

Late last month, the Steve Miller Band was arrested in London, where they had been recording an album. Everyone except Steve Miller was rounded up and charged with "Maintaining a Premises where Marijuana was smoked Steve later gave himself up and was charged with the same offense as the rest of the band. Edward O'Brien, the group's road manager, was additionally charged with possession of LSD, which seems to be a drug more seriously viewed in England than in the States. Their manager, Harvey Kornspan, who had returned to the States, has been advised by his lawyer not to return to England. He is liable to arrest inasmuch as the house was leased in his name.

The band's first single, "Sittin' In A Circle" b/w "Roll With It" will be released on March 18th. "Sittin' In A Circle" was written by Barry Goldberg, former organist with the Electric Flag. "Roll With It" was written by Steve Miller with an unusual guitar solo by Boz.



YIPPIE BASH

New York...Jerry Rubin announced a Vernal Equinox celebration, a Yip In...a salute to spring and an antiwar demonstration combined in the coffer of Grand Central Terminal. Several thousand showed up for the midnight to dawn party. Yippies filled balloons with helium and floated up to the ceiling midst puzzled commuters and weary cops. Finally when dancing on top of the information booth in the main rotunda began, New York's finest, about 100 of them showed up, drew their nightsticks and dispersed the crowd. "Used their nightsticks freely" AP said, sending the Yips into the streets at dawn with a new spring headache....

Don McNeill, former Seattleite, now reporting for the Village Voice, had his bloodied head pictured and sent out over AP.



Selective Service director Lt. Gen. Lewis B. Hershey on March 13 proposed that if the 206,000-man troop expansion is to be effected without calling up reserves, "we would have to contrive some way" of drafting undergraduates.



Modern Transportation in Africa

The Israeli government is now using the same law the British used against Jewish nationalists in the 1948 fight for independence. Acting under the "Emergency Regulations" inherited from the British, the Israelis are trying Arab Student Halil Tuama for the crime of harboring another Arab student, Ahmed Kalifa, who was wanted by police for distributing leaflets against Israeli policies.

The Israeli government also recently blew up an Arab residence because they suspected it had sheltered an Arab terrorist. The action was sharply criticized by the mayor of Jerusalem.

(from Peace News, London, and I.F. Stone, Washington)

RIOTS

Student uprising in Rome which opened the month, at which one policeman was killed, was the result of student response to the conditions of Italy's incredibly archaic university system. The most recent resort to the streets was the fifth in Italy since October. Students locked themselves into university buildings and locked police and faculty out.

The main grievance at Rome University was overcrowding—there are 100,000 students at Rome U. but facilities enough for only 18,000 at a time. Teacher-pupil ratio is about 60:1; in some cases students were lining up at 4 a.m. for 10 a.m. classes.

DISCIPLINE

TOKYO.—The Zengakuren, the major Japanese student peace alliance, has succeeded in postponing the opening of a U.S. Army hospital. A series of demonstrations which usually ended in police violence finally forced Japanese Prime Minister Sato to announce that the hospital, which is to treat GI's wounded in Vietnam, would not yet be opened.

The students are now fighting to prevent the building of a new Tokyo airport for supersonic planes. They claim the airport might be used, as the hospital clearly would, to aid the U.S. war effort in Vietnam. The Zengakuren has some 240,000 members throughout Japan and sets as one of its major goals the revocation of the U.S.-Japanese security alliance.

World Wide democracy department.

Eight British students were stopped at Gunpoint by Thai soldiers when they tried to distribute anti-war leaflets to U.S. GI's at the Udon bomber base in Thailand. The students were immediately arrested and deported.

(from Peace News, London)



Matthew Katz strikes again. This is the man that finally brought 'ohv Grane to town, after months of publicity. As manager of 'ohv Grane, he "owns" the name. The original grane split, so 'Mat started a new one, from members of the Trinsichord Music Box and a member of Games. The new group has been dubbed by some the 'ohv Trinsichord. It really didn't seem to matter at their performance here though, most of the teeny-bons didn't notice. Next 'Mat is taking them to San Francisco where music and hands are better known. Best of luck to all.

FALL TRIPPED

Liberation magazine ran a letter that war correspondent Bernard Fall wrote to a friend before being "accidentally" killed by a landmine in Vietnam last year. Apparently he was working on a book demonstrating the futility of America's engagement there and he planned only a short trip to Vietnam because "there are too many people who would cause me to have 'accidents' and they are not the VC...



ARRESTS

CHEYENNE —Four members of the Berkeley Resistance were arrested here on vagrancy charges, and are also being charged with non-possession of draft cards. The latter is a Federal charge, and warrants have already been issued.

The vagrancy case must be disposed of before the Federal warrants can be served, however. The four men, Vincent Mannino, Kent Hutchings, Wayne Green and Darrell Gauff, were en route to Chicago when they were apprehended.

JUDGEMENT

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Supreme Court has refused to hear the appeal of Steven Spiro in his fight to gain conscientious objector status on the basis of the "just war" doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church. Spiro, 29, of Hackensack, N.J., told the court "indiscriminate mass bombing of cities and civilians and the use of nuclear weapons is the use of an illegitimate means of warfare and one which will inevitably produce a proportionality in which evil outweighs good."

Spiro, acknowledge by the court system to be a "practicing Catholic," had his petition denied on the grounds that his view of the U.S. at war is "an opinion or judgement based on petitioner's personal analysis of warfare from an historical as well as contemporary point of view," rather than a rejection of all war. Currently under indictment for refusing induction, Spiro is still fighting the case.



Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson has been told in a letter from one of its members that the American Society for Aesthetics (America's university and college teachers and experts in respect to beauty) that her beautification program is a bust as long as the war goes on.

The aesthetician voted by 220 to 156 to demand immediate steps to withdraw U.S. troops from Vietnam because As Americans we are keenly aware that our aesthetics and our ethics must be closely linked.

HAWKINS

John Hawkins, scheduled to die April 3 on Washington's gallows, has been granted a stay of execution by Gov. Evans.

The stay will give Hawkins until April 30, 1969—enough time for the next session of the State Legislature to debate capital punishment and hopefully, outlaw it.

The ACLU had petitioned Evans March 8 to commute Hawkins' sentence. In its last issue, Helix reported on the status of the Hawkins case and the ACLU efforts.

The Governor's office gave two other reasons for the stay of execution besides the opportunity for the Legislature to reconsider capital punishment--1. It will allow Hawkins attorneys time to resolve constitutional issues raised by his original trial, and 2. It will allow time for pending decisions to be made about the death penalty at the state and federal court levels.

Hawkins was convicted of murder in Vancouver, Wash.



INSIDE NEWARK

Newark, N. J., (LNS)—Vigilantes in Newark are arming for race war. The 1500 members of the North Ward Citizens Committee, many skilled in the use of firearms, judo and karate, are organized to take the law into their own hands. They have a cache of guns, walkie-talkies, an armored car and a helicopter. They patrol the streets nightly in "Jungle Cruiser" cars.

Anthony Imperiale, an ex-Marine staff sergeant and leader of the vigilantes, runs a karate school on 7th Street, the headquarters of the group. It is located in Newark's North Ward, a predominately white, Italian-American section and the stronghold of Mayor Hugh Addonizio's political machine.

"If anyone (read black citizen) comes around here, I will personally send his head home without his body," Imperiale recently told a reporter. Another vigilante leader said, "They might get into our neighborhood, but they would not get out."

As the race war gathers momentum in Newark, Mayor Addonizio announced this week that he was unilaterally opposed to the establishment of a civilian police review board because "it would provide a legitimate cover for the angry and emotional white backlash." Despite the fact that Governor Hughes' Select Commission on Civil Disorder recommended such a review board, the Mayor and his police director Spina need the Italian-American votes of the North Ward, home of the vigilante movement, to stay in power.



STOKE THAT FIRE THIS TIME

HOWARD UNIVERSITY at Wash. D.C. is back in operation this week. But normal? Hardly. Over a thousand Howard students walked out and stayed in last week. The action followed notices issued to 39 students accusing them of "disrupting normal university procedure" during Charter Day exercises March 1.

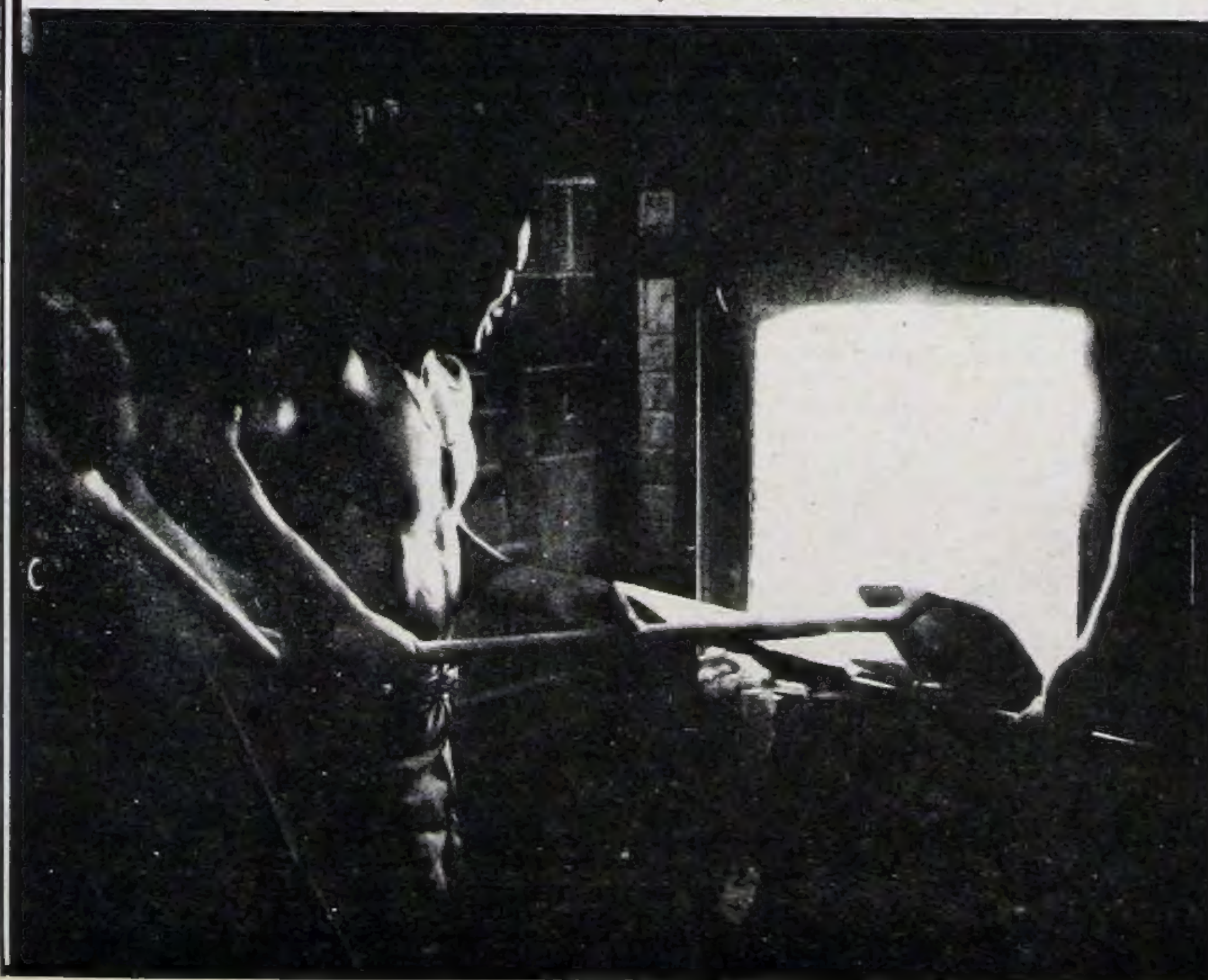
An article written for LNS from inside the Administration Building which had been completely taken over by Howard students, said the stay-in had received tremendously beautiful black (and a little shaded) local and national support.

The notices sent to the 39 students actually amounted to expulsions on Charter Day, the 39 had moved to establish what they called The Sterling Brown University, a new institution geared to producing tomorrow's black leaders.

With a Kangaroo Court scheduled for last Saturday to try the 39, the Howard student body rebelled. Early in the week they heard Jay Green a former law student axed by the same kind of Kangaroo Court, suggest a closing down of the school.

They took him up on it. By Thursday, Howard was officially shut down. But students still held the administration building.

Over the weekend, reports from the straight press indicated the Howard administration had backed down. By the first part of the week, Howard was reopening, with a difference. The administration was ready to talk about making Howard relevant as a Black university. The Kangaroo Court, as far as anybody could tell, was a dead issue.



"There will come a time when the American people will rise up and revolt against the law-breaker in this country—Lyndon Baines Johnson."

8



STOKE'S TALK

[Note: This is a transcript of Stokely Carmichael's speech at the Oakland Auditorium Feb. 17, 1968. The occasion was a benefit birthday party for Huey Newton, Minister of Defense of the Black Panther Party for Self-Defense. Newton is awaiting trial on charges of killing a white Oakland policeman.]

The birth of this nation was conceived in the genocide of the red man, genocide of the red man, of the red man. In order for this country to come about, the honky had to completely exterminate the red man, and he did it. And he did it. He did it. And he did it where he doesn't even feel sorry but he romanticizes it by putting it on television with cowboys and Indians, cowboys and Indians.

This country is becoming more and more technological so that the need for black people is fastly disappearing. When the need for black people disappears, so will we, and he will consciously wipe us out. He will consciously wipe us out.

And check out the pattern in which they move. They came to this country — They didn't know a damn thing about this country. The red man showed them how to adapt to this country. He showed them how to grow corn. He showed them how to hunt. And when the Indians finished showing him, he wiped them out! He wiped them out, he wiped them out.

He was not satisfied. He went to South America. The Aztec Indians said: "This is our silver, this is our copper, these are our metals, these are our statues, we built them for the beauty of our people." After the Indians showed it to him, he took it and he wiped them out. He wiped them out. He went to Africa. Our ancestors said, "Dig, this is our way of life. We beat drums, we enjoy ourselves, we have gold, we make diamonds and stuff for our women." He took the gold, he made us slaves, and today he runs Africa.

He went to Asia. The Chinese showed him everything they had. They showed him gun powder. They said: "We use this for fireworks on our anniversaries, on our days-of-festivities." He took it, he made a gun, and he conquered China.

We are talking about a certain type of superiority complex that exists in the white man wherever he is. That's what we have to understand today, so that everything goes out the window, we talk about survival. That's all. They can cut out all the junk about poverty programs, education, housing, welfare—we have always been an African people, we have always maintained our own value system and I will prove it to you.

Check out our way of life. No matter how hard he's tried, we still maintain a communal way of life in our community. We do not send old people to old people's homes—that's junk, that's junk, that's junk, that's junk. We do not call children illegitimate in our community, we take care of any child in our community, any child in our community, any child in our community.

First our people, then and only then me and you as individuals. Our people first, our people first.

Every Negro is a potential black man. We will not alienate them, we will not alienate them, we will not alienate them.

Thirdly, and most importantly, we must understand that for black people the question of community is not a question of geography.

Now then, speaking of survival, it is necessary to understand the moves of our enemy. The United States works on what we call the three M's—the missionaries, the money, and the Marines. That's precisely the way it's moved all over the world, it is the way it moves against us. They have sent the missionaries in—we sent them out. They have sent the money in, with the poverty program—the Vietnamese and the Koreans are pulling the money out. The next thing comes the Marines. Comes the Marines. And if we're talking seriously, we get prepared for the Marines. Now if some black people do not think that the white man is gonna wipe us out completely, then it won't be no harm being prepared just in case he decides to do it, just in case he decides to do it. So there'll be no harm in us preparing ourselves for the Marines.

We have to then go down the programs that they run through our throats and see how they run to us. The first one is the vote. They got a new thing now. "Black power is the vote." The vote in this country is, has been, and always will be irrelevant to the lives of black people. That is a fact.

If we talk about the vote today, we talk about it as one thing—an organizing tool to bring our people together, nothing else, nothing else, nothing else. It becomes a vehicle for organization, it cannot be anything else. To believe the vote is gonna save you is to believe the way Brother Adam Clayton Powell did. He's in Bimini now.

Now let us explain how the process of exploitation and colonization works. If I am black and I am exploiting you who are also black, we have the same values, the same culture, the same language, the same society, the same institutions, so I do not have to destroy those institutions for you. But if you are of another race, if you have a different culture, different language, different values, I have to destroy all of those who make you bow to me. And that is the difference between poor black and poor white. Poor whites have their culture, have their values, have their institutions, ours have been completely destroyed, completely destroyed, completely destroyed.

H.
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On Wednesday, February 21st, Pan Brown was arrested and charged with violating his bail restrictions. He was being held on two bonds.

(1) In Louisiana Federal Court for transporting arms across state borders while under indictment.

(2) In Virginia Federal Court for "Inciting to riot, Inciting to arson." Bond on this charge restricted him to Southern District of N.Y. except to consult with attorneys. This is now on appeal to the Supreme Court on the basis of First Amendment violation.

On Wednesday, February 21st, the government made him sign as "in forma pauperis" paper for his Supreme Court appeal. Kunstler, his lawyer was in California so he went there, where he also spoke publicly.

When he returned to New York he was arrested and told to go to Louisiana. There \$5,000 of his \$15,000 bond was forfeited and \$40,000 added. Then an FBI agent accused him of threatening his life during a court recess. According to ten witnesses he said "You are a Tom and I hope your children don't grow up like you." Another \$50,000 bond. Total \$100,000. The reason given by the judge was to keep him from running around the country burning down cities. Then to Virginia where all bond was forfeited and back to Louisiana where he still sits in jail.

LETTER FROM PARRISH PRISON, NEW ORLEANS

Being a man is the continuing battle of one's life; one loses a bit of manhood with every stale compromise to the authority of any power in which one does not believe.

No slave should die a natural death. There is a point where caution ends and cowardice begins.

For every day I am imprisoned I will refuse both food and water. My hunger is for the liberation of my people. My thirst is for the ending of oppression.

I am a political prisoner, jailed for my beliefs—that black people must be free. The government has taken a position true to its fascist nature: those who cannot convert, they must silence. This government has become the enemy of mankind.

This can no longer alter our path to freedom. For our people, death has been the only known exit from slavery and oppression. We must open others.

Our will to live must no longer supersede our will to fight, for our fighting will determine if our race shall live. To desire freedom is not enough.

We must move from resistance to aggression, from revolt to revolution.

For every Orangeburg, there must be ten Detroit's. For Max Stanford and Huey Newton, there must be ten dead cons. And for every black death, there must be a Phu.

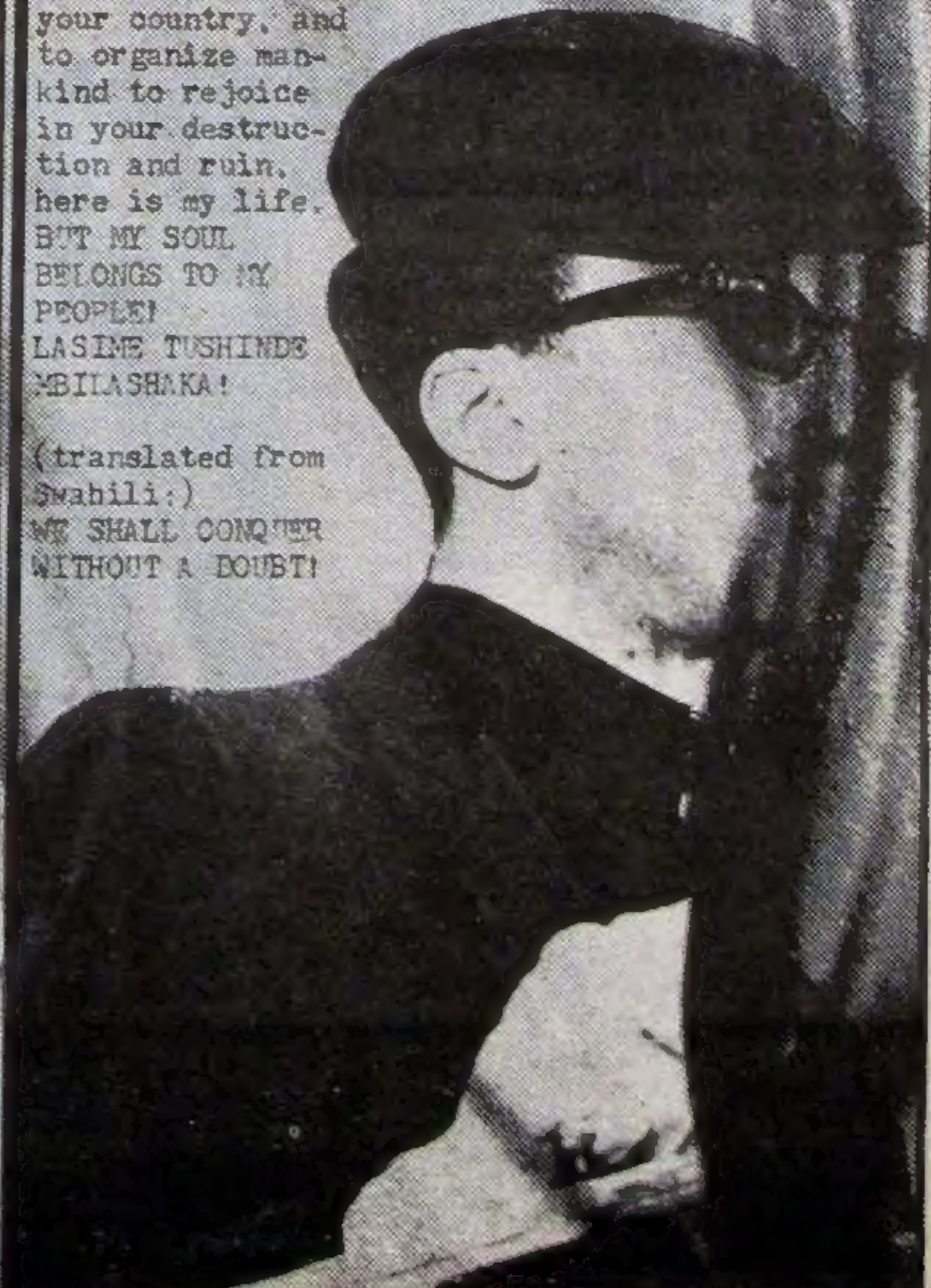
Brothers and Sisters, and all oppressed people, we must prepare ourselves both mentally and physically, for the major confrontation is yet to come. We must fight. It is the people who in the final analysis make and determine history, not leaders or systems. The law which govern us must be made by us.

May the deaths of 62 signal the beginning of the end of this country. I do what I must out of the love for my people. My will is to fight. Resistance is not enough: aggression is the order of the day.

NOTE TO AMERICA:

If it takes my death to organize my people to revolt against you and to organize your falls to revolt against you, and to organize your troops to revolt against you, and to organize your children, your God, your poor, your your country, and to organize mankind to rejoice in your destruction and ruin, here is my life. BUT MY SOUL BELONGS TO MY PEOPLE! LASINE TUSHINDI MBILASHAKA!

(translated from Swahili.)
WE SHALL CONQUER WITHOUT A DOUBT!





Communism is not an ideology suited for black people, period. Period. Socialism is not an ideology fitted for black people, period. Period. The ideologies of communism and socialism speak to class structure. They speak to people who oppress people from the top down to the bottom. We are not just facing exploitation. We are facing something much more important, because we are the victims of racism.

So that for us, the question of racism becomes uppermost in our minds. It becomes uppermost in our minds. How do we destroy those institutions that seek to keep us dehumanized? That is all we're talking about. On the question of exploitation, it comes second.

It is a question of how we regain our humanity and begin to live as a people—and we do not do that, because of the effects of racism in this country. We must therefore consciously strive for an ideology which deals with racism first.

Technology never decides a war. It is the will of a people that decides a war. We gonna take it—and the gun, and the gun, and the gun. And unless we raise our minds to the level of consciousness where we have an undying love for our people, where we're willing to shed our blood like Huey Newton did for our people, we will not survive, we will not survive.

Only thing gonna stop us today is a bullet, and we spittin 'em back, and we spittin 'em back.

We can begin to pick up the threads of resistance that our ancestors laid down for us. And unless we begin to understand our people as a people, we will not do that, because they will split us and divide us. That means consciously we have to begin to organize our people!

We have to understand this consciously. Our youth must be organized with a revolutionary perspectus. A revolutionary perspectus says that we're fighting a war of liberation. In order to fight a war of liberation, you need an ideology of nationalism.

They are not God, they are not God. We are a beautiful race of people, we can do anything we want to do, all we got to do is get up, get up, get up and do it, get up and do it, get up and do it, get up and do it.

And when we move into that arena, that means that this black community must be organized. So if Huey Newton goes, and ten honky cops goes, won't a black man in this community get up and open his mouth, 'cause if he does, HE goes too, he goes too, he goes too.

Now the question of agents is becoming a question where it's making us paranoid. We cannot become paranoid because what they can do is make you so afraid you won't move. So we're not gonna do that. We're gonna plan what we're gonna do. Little groups are gonna plan theirs, big groups are gonna plan theirs. If an agent is found, there is no question, he is gonna be offed in such a manner that nary other black man who dares talk to the honky will have three thoughts before he even TALKS to a white man about reporting in our community.

We are talking about survival. We are talking about a people whose entire culture, whose entire history, whose entire way of life have been destroyed. We're talking about a people who have produced, in this year a generation of warriors who are going to restore to our people the humanity and the love that we have for each other. That's what we're talking about today. We are talking about becoming the executioners of our executioners. For example, you should give a lot of money to that defense fund, because while some of that money gonna go for that court thing, the rest of the money's gonna go for the executioners. So that if they execute Huey, the final execution rests in OUR hands, our hands, in our hands.

And if THIS generation begins to fight, there can be no disruptive elements in our community. There can be none—we will tolerate none. There will be no disruptions. Anyone who fights for their people, we put our life on the line for them. Huey Newton fought for our people. Whether or not Huey Newton becomes free depends upon black people, nobody else, nobody else. Other people may help, but the final decision of brother Huey depends upon US. For US. And if he did that, we must be willing to do the same, not only for him but for the generation that's going to follow us.

CONT. P. 8

RECORDING EXCLUSIVELY ON



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12.11.020 Disturbing the Public Peace. It shall be unlawful for any person...to use any profane or abusive language, ...or to use any obscene language or be guilty of any indecent or immoral act, practice or conduct tending to debauch the public morals. (Ord. 16046 §1; May 23, 1907).

Law on Vulgar Language Is Tested

The assistant ACLU counsel, Chris Young, and Richard Young, ACLU cooperating attorney, last month represented a juvenile on charges of using vulgar language in violation of a city ordinance.

The charges arose out of an incident at Dag's drive-in in the central district which occurred after a high-school basketball game. An off-duty police officer working at Dag's felt that the

crowd was becoming too large and called for a police car. When the car arrived, it was surrounded and rocked by some of the youths in the crowd.

In the confusion, the officer in the squad car sent out an emergency call which brought nearly 20 squad cars racing to the area.

The ACLU client arrived at the scene after the police. When he heard rumors that a girl had

been hit by a policeman, he said, he became angry and cursed. A plainclothes officer driving past overheard the remark and arrested the youth for using obscene language.

As a result of the incident, five juveniles, all Negro, were arrested; four were charged with using vulgar language, one with resisting arrest.

It was brought out at the trial that none of those arrested was involved in the car-rocking incident -- an incident which, in fact, involved only white youths.

ACLU attorneys argued that the ordinance was clearly unconstitutional both on its face and as applied to the particular juvenile. The judge, however, held that the law was valid and had been violated. He nevertheless has not finally disposed of the case and unless the juvenile is found to be a "delinquent" an appeal will not be taken.

CARMICHAEL cont. fm. p7

We have to recognize who our major enemy is. The major enemy is not your brother, flesh of your flesh and blood of your blood. The major enemy is the honky and his institutions of racism, that's the major enemy, that is the major enemy. And whenever anybody prepares for evolutionary warfare, you concentrate on the major enemy. We're not strong enough to fight each other and also fight him. We will not fight each other today. There will be no fights in the black community among black people. There will just be people who will be offed. There will be no fights, here will be no disruptions. We are going to be united!

We are going to do the patrolling, we are going to do the controlling. We are building a concept of peoplehood. We do not care about honkies; but if in building that concept of peoplehood, the honkies get in our way, they got to go. There is no question about it, there is no question about it. We are not concerned with their way of life, we are concerned with our PEOPLE. We want to give our people the dignity and the humanity that we KNOW as our people, and if they get in our way, they gonna be offed. They gonna be offed. We're not concerned with their system. Let them have it. We want our way of life, and we're gonna get it. We're gonna get it or nobody's gonna have any peace on this earth. No peace on this earth.

Our problem is to develop an undying love for our people, an undying love for our people. We must be willing to give our talents, our sweat, our blood, even our life for our people. Nothing else! Not this country--our people!

We are an African people with an African ideology, we are wandering in the United States, we are going to build a concept of peoplehood in this country or there will be no country. Or there will be no country.

As I end, brothers and sisters, brother Huey P. Newton belongs to us. He is flesh of our flesh, he is blood of our blood. He may be Mrs. Newton's baby, he's our brother. He's our brother. We do not have to talk about what we're going to do if we're consciously preparing and consciously willing to back those who prepare. All we say: brother Huey will be at free--or else.

**DR-
SEATTLE**
↑
ABOVE
POSTER
AVAIL.
AT DR-S
↓

April is the month for resistance in Seattle and across the nation. With the month's draft call set at 48,000 men -- one of the highest "peacetime" figures ever -- resistance groups are organizing massive protests against the system and the war in Vietnam.

The climax will come at the end of the month. The period from April 20 to 30 has been officially designated Resistance Week. And Saturday, the 27th, will be the day of confrontation and demonstration.

Draft Resistance-Seattle will celebrate the 27th with a massive demonstration of 40,000 or more protesters. Details of the demonstration -- like the route for a march and the site for its eventual destination -- will come out during the month.

The week will begin in Seattle on April 19 with a three-day meeting. Called the NW Regional Draft Resistance Conference and SDS Regional Conference, it will be sponsored both by Draft Resistance and SDS.

Some questions the conference wants to answer include these: How can we best get money for our activities? How can we offer legal assistance to men who have resisted? How can we use the increasing repression of the system to turn people against the system?

Washington Hall will be the site of the conference.

On Monday, the 22nd, DR-Seattle will need at least 125 helpers to conduct a mass leafleting of 26 high schools in the Seattle area. They'll distribute 40,000 leaflets to students which will contain information on Draft Resistance Week.

Until Friday, April 26, when a student strike throughout the area is scheduled, a DR-Seattle will lead small demonstrations, distribute more leaflets and send the Guerrilla attack Theatre to strategic spots. (Send questions and offers of help to Draft Resistance, PO Box 713, Seattle. Office is at 4126 Roosevelt Way NE.) ME 2-2463

DR's activities this week have been aimed at the great gray UW. Leaflets went or scattered about the campus Monday to seniors and graduate students -- the latest victims of the Hershey's. A conference for the seniors and grad students was held Monday night at the Friends Center, and another session is scheduled Friday night on campus.

At the Induction Center, activity has been fragmented but effective. Leaflets make the rounds, pencils break en masse, and sergeants freak out badly.

Coming out within the next few weeks will be a draft resistance counselling manual, and it will be available at DR-Seattle and other places for about 5 dollars.

DR-SEATTLE, by the way, functioning beautifully in all the aforementioned areas, does it with two fulltime workers besides a lot of volunteers. But the two fulltime people haven't been paid since Jan. 1. So maybe.....



PAUL GOODMAN

Liberation News Service

The idea of resistance is to make it impossible for society to continue a bad routine—and to awaken its better judgment. We assume that the Americans do not "really" will the Vietnam war but are morally asleep and brainwashed. If in fact they are so complacent, arrogant or callous that they do will it or don't care about it, we have to talk not about resistance but exile, going underground or civil war. But it seems to us, rather, that there has been usurpation by a hidden government which makes policy, and that an awakened populace can throw it off.



The presence or absence of violence in such populist resistance is not of the essence, but the amount of violence IS of the essence. The body politic does not consist of clashing billiard balls; one cannot change minds and will by physical attack. Physically attacked, a policeman or soldier responds routinely with tear gas and bayonet, but the aim is to get him to respond as man and fellow citizen. Nevertheless, if resistance is determined and especially if it is massive, there is bound to be a certain amount of violence. Let me spell this out.

(1) In the first place, confronted by people who say and act, "To the best of our ability we won't let you continue," a soldier or policeman, or the draft board or Dean who summons them, is bound at first to respond routinely as if attacked. The hope is that if we persist they cannot continue, because people do not really MEAN the whole package: so many jailed, hurt, gassed—police on the campus, martial law, the social atmosphere poisoned. They will have to think it over.

(2) But given the complacency, callousness and sheepishness of any people, and certainly of the Americans, there is unfortunately an advantage to a certain amount of violence; it wakes people up and makes them understand that the matter is serious. We see that the TV and press mainly want to notice incidents of violence. It seems that in nonviolent civil-rights protests it did not hurt to have some Black Panthers in the wings. Authorities will initiate the violence anyway if they feel threatened; the question is what is the right amount of provocation. If there is none, people are not really awakened and authorities sink back into another routine of carting off limp bodies. If there is too much, people do not think it over but promptly become routinely violent, which is second nature to them anyway. Certainly we do not WANT to frighten, panic or compel anybody.

(3) In a massive demonstration

there is bound, mathematically, to be sporadic violence. In the heated atmosphere of crowds and troops of police and soldiers there is plenty of fear and panic on both sides. Almost invariably the police lose their cool first and one thing leads to another, but this is understandable, for they begin in a passive state, they are outnumbered, and they have no conviction or idea about what they are for. Having set up merely formal boundaries that are spontaneously disregarded by excited people, policemen panic and become brutal. Morally, in my opinion, this sporadic violence is neither right nor wrong, though sad. The co-presence of a mass of aroused citizens and numerous representatives of authority is an exalted experience, but it entails broken heads and ugly scenes. It would be better if smart-aleck police technicians did not also invent booby-traps and if young hot-heads did not act their age; but these things are inevitable.

(4) There are also Nazi, Birchite, Teamster counter-demonstrators, and resentful sailors spilling for a fight. So far, at least, the evidence is that the police put these down. The TV, however, plays them up tremendously as if they were equal adversaries, though the ratio is a thousand to one.

(5) I must now turn to the violent on "our" side who are wrong in principle. First, there are those who want disorder for its own sake as part of a theory of general (world) breakdown and insurrection. These are Maoists, Trotskyists, etc., who hold that there can be no decent society except by world upheaval. They do not want the Vietnam war itself to stop—they do not believe it can stop; they prefer to aggravate it for a greater future good. This is a respectable theory; there is, unhappily, evidence for it. I profoundly disagree with it—mankind has gone this route for thousands of years—but the problem is how to cope with its presence in our demonstrations, since, as a populist, I also profoundly support the principle of excluding nobody. I don't know.

GUEVARA

(6) And there is the violence caused by young people, Oakland style, who want to stop the Vietnam war by tiny minority putsches, "taking over" or burning down draft boards, blocking traffic, derauling troop trains, numerically draining the recruitment of soldiers sufficiently to make an appreciable difference. Some of this is a misreading of Ernesto Guevara's guerrilla tactics devised for hill country among friendly peasants. It is not, however, mere fantasy, if the guerrillas are relevant to the conditions: in a complex technology, a small group of alienated Ph.D.'s and daring helpers CAN produce a shambles. There are plenty of mad scientists and high young computers around, not all in government employment, though most. But a

shambles is not "creative disorder."

But I must not lose my perspective about these activists, although they bug me. The Oakland young are not thinking about poisoning the water of American cities and causing major power failures; it is stupid to argue them to their "logical conclusions." To be a Provo pain in the neck to both the police AND the peace movement is not a mortal sin and perhaps such people do more good than harm by adding fuel to the accumulation of troubles to society caused by the Vietnam war. Despite the alarming editorials in the Times, I doubt that the Americans are outraged by them.

More attractive and potentially more effective is the opposite alternative of the young: nonviolent terrorism—for example, when a draft-card burner is arraigned, five others burn their cards in the courtroom. Such a program draws on the strongest single energy of young people today, their fantastic peer-group solidarity against irrational authority. It can be effective if the government is finally forced to meet the challenge and make widespread prosecutions; that moment, I think, is at hand.

RAGE

We cannot hold back acts of indignation and outrage; they justify themselves as a part of the elementary stuff of humanity. And as the last years have shown, it is hard to restrain the impatience of people who feel themselves powerless while horrors continue. Yet in general, we must use the tactics of opposition that in themselves do not prevent the reconstruction of a better society. In the end, all will have to live in community again. For this, a confronting conflict, mainly non-violent, is better than either false peace or violence. Further, the challenge to authority is itself a creative political act in modern societies which have been vastly over-centralized and brainwashed. Best of all is to fight in groups and with methods of organization that we want to live with if we win, and to pinpoint for attack those evils that we really want to get rid of permanently.

These have been commonplace topics which I repeat in order to make clear (also to myself) where I stand. Let me go on to matters closer to my own concern.

We can distinguish three kinds of necessary resistance: popular or mass resistance; citizenly or legal resistance; professional or institutional resistance. So far our movement has rapidly developed popular and legal resistance, but it has been badly lagging in professional resistance.

October 16-21 again proved, in the cities, on the campuses and at the Pentagon, the human value of big demonstrations: the courage given by the company of like-minded thousands; the ability spontaneously to override official

rules and permits; above all the heady sense of being the sovereign people, the body politic. All this is politically transitory and it often involves moral ambiguities, but is a unique human experience and energizes all other resistance. It is NOT ineffective or "merely symbolic" (whatever that means). It is the exercise of the right of petition guaranteed by the Bill of Rights and it is contagious to others as well as cementing solidarity among ourselves. Even among the police and soldiers there were cases of coming over, in Oakland and Washington. When students sat down in front of the State Department auditorium when I was telling off the gentlemen of the National Security Industrial Association (see The New York Review of Books, November 23, 1967), a dozen even of these representatives of the military-industrial came to me privately and said, "Those youngsters are right; my own son and daughter are doing the same." Naturally the problem is to get them to speak publicly and quit.

In my opinion, if such demonstrations continue to grow, with increasing willingness to risk jail and injury and with the self-feeding conviction of sovereignty, the usurping government in fact cannot continue its course; and its jittery alarm and excessive mobilization of troops show that it knows it. Will it then order a massacre? Or will it cede?

DRAFT

The twelve hundred draft cards turned in on October 16, plus the thousands of statements of complicity and the pledges of war-tax refusal, are citizenly resistance. It goes without saying that they are statements of moral conscience, but their deliberate purpose and obvious effect is to challenge the legal structure—the system of trust, contract and compliance—that makes government possible. It is not necessary (or possible) physically to deplete the armed forces or bankrupt the Treasury. We who resist in this way are usually asserting by our challenge that we are legitimate and the government is illegitimate. And we have—though fearfully, for the penalties are severe—welcomed a test in the courts, hoping that when everything is duly and publicly aired, we shall be vindicated. The always-emerging meaning of the law will support us, just as the civil-rights trespassers became legal. Naturally the government has been loath to pick up the challenge and has tried to pick off individuals as convenient, in order to deter. From the mass draft-card burning of April 15, there has still been only one arrest (Gary Rader); and on October 16 the marshals and the Attorney General tried to refuse the turned-in cards. But here again it is clear that the climate has changed and we are getting across. Since late October there

has been a flurry of subpoenas to the Grand Jury. Will the government finally order a mass trial of the draft refusers, AND INCLUDE THE OLDER PEOPLE WHO EGGED THEM ON AND ARE LARGELY RESPONSIBLE ANYWAY? We shall see.

But occupational, professional, institutional resistance has so far been feeble. I mean action springing from what a man works at and the function he performs in the fabric of society. For many people, if not most, their vocations are what they are most concerned, what they know most about, care most about, and where they have the most influence. And inevitably, in an interlocked and centralized society like ours, it is impossible to practice most vocations without connecting with the war system. Yet workers and professionals, who may resist in demonstrations and take part in civil disobedience, go on with their jobs as ordinary.

I will merely mention as the most obvious and probably most important group the unionized workmen in war industries and the scientists and engineers; these may be opposed to the war and yet they do not quit. I cannot dig this.



Resisting academics have done better, in using faculty power against the draft tests and class listings, backing up resisting students and refusing to discipline them, and opposing war contracts. But they have not yet, to my knowledge, begun the long-overdue campaign to free the major universities from the incubus of military-industrial financing. Since the present university expansion is largely founded on this, such a campaign would be a showdown. An important case in point is the usual faculty mishandling of student protests against the Dow Chemical recruiters. Faculty members may abhor the manufacturer of napalm and the defoliants, but they hesitate to exonerate the students from discipline

because of the need to preserve free speech" or because if the Peace Corps and Macy's and SNCC are allowed to recruit, so must now be allowed. But these other organizations are not an overwhelming threat to the essence of the University; the military-industrial corporations are such a threat and must be purged—just as the McCarthy witch hunt was such a threat and Harvard finally simply barred the door against it. This year eighty-six percent of the money for Research and Development is for military purposes!

The doctors who came to Dr. Levy's defense, refusing to practice phony political medicine, died. In general, it is a touch question how physicians can resist: if they become politically involved, they lose the immunity which entitles them to the impartial compassion necessary for the practice of medicine altogether. Yet there must be some way or them to try to prevent the hastily situation where useless and immoral horrors are committed and they then feebly do the best they can.

Consider, again, a typical group of professionals strongly and actively opposed to the war, the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington, of which I am an associate. Some of us, by our expertise and connections, are continually and even intimately in contact with government policy-makers. In these professional contacts, are there not opportunities for confrontation and resistance during October 16-21? One of us spoke at the Lincoln Memorial, others were in the crowd; but, in my opinion, it would have been better for a few of us to have been taking it a little more lively in MacNamara's or William Bundy's office, with whatever supporting offices one could muster in. Naturally such behavior might have had unpleasant professional consequences.

My point is not that professionals should be "radicalized," but that they should come on as authentic professionals, autonomous and ethically responsible. This is, of course, what Ralph Abernethy, Rachel Carson, Lewis Mumford, my brother and others have been saying.) In my opinion, it is unacceptable for a professional to deviate a jot from professional obligations and standards for even the best of causes, but since it is the genius of our society to co-opt the professions to subvert money and authority, or a professional to be authentic means to be in conflict. And since the system of institutions is interlocked and centralized, it is impossible to be in conflict without being gradually involved with general reform and even revolution. This approach to becoming evolutionary has one great advantage over "radicalization": The dissident professional has a more concrete and knowledgeable program of what needs to be done to reconstruct a decent society.

The professional dissident in his own terms is likely to be less passionately committed than the "radicalized" professional, the one who devotes himself directly to hot causes like community development, peace action, etc. But I think he tends to be more enduringly committed, and he has more far-reaching and daring ideas. If activism has no room for authentic and absorbed professionals and does not use them in their own terms, it is a loss all around.

Let me say a word also about professional students. The New Left has been urging students to leave school and get into the world of real conflict. This certainly makes sense for many students who are wasting their time in universities and should never have been there. But for those who are potentially authentic professionals—who are good at something and want to build livable neighborhoods, improve health, report on news, teach children, explore the unknown, find the right use of new technology—the best advice is still Prince Kropotkin's:

Think about the kind of world you want to live and work in. What do you need to know to help build that world? Demand that your teachers teach you that.

Then, in their own professional terms, most such students will also soon resist the Vietnam war and enter other areas of conflict, and may carry some of their teachers along.

PACIFICATION



I hesitate to write this article for two reasons; first, while I spent 15 months in Vietnam, I was working in an office in a secure area, Qui Nhon, and would not know how any drug problem would effect troops in battle; second, any drug problem arises from the fact that drug use is illegal and its importance is a direct function of the emphasis placed on detecting it. God forbid that the DAR be made aware of drug use in Vietnam and pressure a senator into persecuting it. Nonetheless, what follows is my observation of drug use in Vietnam.

There is an abundance of hemp or reefer and opium. Reefer is available loose in quantities up to one kilo, rolled in cigarettes, and packed to represent a carton of American cigarettes, foot powder cans, shaving cream bombs, etc. Let me explain that reefer is not commonly used by Vietnamese. It, like opium, is not native to the Qui Nhon area and I was told the local supply of both comes from Communist China. Invariably, the local dealer is a Republic of Vietnam soldier. How he obtains the product from obviously communist sources remains a secret but provides an insight to part of the Vietnam problem, that is, to whose side does who belong. Reefer sells for ten to fifteen cents a cigarette, available from nearly anyone who will sell you a beer—bar, hotel and shop owners and prostitutes; or at \$40 to \$50 per kilo from anyone who sells opium.

Opium is a vice of the more affluent Vietnamese. Vietnamese are an extremely easy-going and friendly people and the home of a dealer in opium becomes a club house for merchants, property owners and army officers to which a GI is readily welcomed. Here opium is smoked thru a pipe, in turn, with an abundance of conversation and hot tea at fifteen cents a pipe. Even with considerable experience, one becomes stoned with five pipes. Any more is mere poor judgment. Opium may be obtained in stick or liquid form to be eaten or drunk at 50 cents per two inch stick or \$20 for a bottle holding approximately a fifth. In these forms it may be swallowed alone but more likely with coffee to negate the bad taste.

"I met a sergeant in the Vietnamese Army who dealt in opium through a friend who was a drummer. I'd go along to hear him jam on bongos with a trumpet and guitar. One of the regulars was a Vietnamese ship captain who had sailed his ancient steamer up and down the coast for years and was quite likely the source of the opium. A Vietnamese Army Captain would drive us back in the morning.

Other drugs are largely in evidence but from outside Vietnam; LSD, benzedrine, etc. mailed or smuggled from the states and hard narcotics, heroin and cocaine, brought from R & R (rest & relaxation) sites, principally Hong Kong, Taipei and Tokyo.

The Army does not normally concern itself with an individual's vice as long as it doesn't interfere with the performance of duty. Since nearly all officers and most enlisted personnel spend their off duty hours drinking, the drug user does not necessarily suffer by comparison on the job. Nearly every Army job requires merely physical presence and some degree of consciousness, therefore one does not get in trouble over drugs only. I personally saw approximately 100 court-martial cases in fifteen months and the only cases involving marijuana charges involved people who were habitually AWOL, disrespectful to superiors, derelict in performance of duty or the like. The discovery of marijuana use probably came from investigation of the other charges and was thrown in to extract a little more time or a few more dollars from the offender. It is difficult to obtain evidence in a case involving drugs without violating guarantees against unwarranted search, therefore commanders find something else to charge the offender with.

Shortly before I left, I had an all night conversation with the Major I worked for and to my chagrin, he was able to name dates and destination of nearly every time I had violated curfew and off-limits regulations to visit Qui Nhon. The point is that he had taken pains to recruit informers to cover himself if there was trouble and to find me if I was needed. Everything is permitted as long as you are not caught and those in power will do anything to avoid trouble, unofficially of course.

Difficulties arise in transporting drugs between R & R sites, Vietnam and home since baggage is subject to customs searches which may or may not be thorough. If one is caught by customs' inspectors at an R & R site, he falls under the jurisdiction of that country, his future in the hands of the local authority who is likely to be strict.

How many GIs in Vietnam use drugs? No one gives up what he did in the states. It's a shock to come from the furtive, super paranoid atmosphere in the states to a Vietnam compound where smoke floats casually from a bunker or perimeter guard tower.

Musical Caligula Paul Berg (alias Pat O'Day) has chopped another dissenting head from his captive staff. Unable to agree with O'Day's militant line: "Music is for morons and Boeing workers", and unable to abide with O'Day's contradictory demand for "gusty" sarcastic NOW Personality presentation coupled with absolute bootlicking respect for the Advertisers Message . . . Robert O. Smith was fired. Replete with wig and arm pit jokes MR. JR keeps tight control of his DJ's style and content, demanding that they warp their air personalities and musical tastes to his brand of meta-meth-hysterical, scream-teeny, Porky Prig delivery of the mindless commercial pap conned on him by fellow promo schlocksters.

Playboy by Gene and Debbie or Simon Says are indicative of O'Day's trendy tone-deafness. He refuses to play anything by the Chrome Syrcus (but he pushes the Bards and Don & The Goodtimes) or any other group which does not have a "Big Breaking" single unless he holds the contract for their appearance locally: cum the bungled Hendrick's concert. While O'Day was away the DJs did play cuts from the Cream Gears, but the man returned to take the record off the air and reprimand his boys. Only when "Sunshine . . ." was an established financial success as a single did he return The Cream to the air.

In fact, O'day returned from a Las Vegas meeting of broadcasters and a confrontation there with KMPX and KPPC organizer, Tom Donahue, who reportedly whithered O'Day's cool and made him sweat up his silksuit some. Perhaps the trauma in Las Vegas was equivalent to the put down O'Day got some years ago when he was fired almost immediately from a California rock station and told he would never make it in radio anywhere...an ego shattering event Seattle has suffered for six years while O'Day expanded his ego electronically and financially, inflicting his musical insensitivity and commercial whizbangery on us as Program Director for the Danny Kaye-Lester Smith owned KJR and the infamous Pat O'Day and Associates. The resulting shabby spectacle is partly the fault of formula ad-men who perceive their consumers as cretinous idiots and "buy the Number One Station" regardless, and it is certainly the fault of O'Day's rigidly armored defense of his "single hit not individual artist" formula of musical selection which he has successfully foisted on the public and the advertisers alike. (The station grosses \$110,000 per month.) His preconceptions plunged him into total unawareness and hidebound resistant to change while music entered a renaissance of revitalization demanding and evoking immediate awareness and responsive listening.

To the dismay of the iconoclast Robert O. Smith and the musically sensitive Lan Roberts, O'Day uttered the following statement in what must have been for him a moment of blinding insight. the shuck's satori, "When we get a bunch of college kids thinking about music as art...we are in trouble."

How true. KOL is cutting points from KJR's spiney arithmetic God, the RATING, by programming album cuts and running only 7-8 minutes of ads per hour (Pat O'Day and Associates secretary now tunes her office radio to KOL which O'Day could hardly be expected to notice). Recently, O'Day cut KJR's ad time back from 23-24 minutes per hour (the National Association of Broadcasters Code limit is 18) to a respectable 16-17 minutes and placed a mandatory rap limit on his DJ's of 15 seconds between records.

Under pressure from O'Day, Robert O. Smith had to distort himself into hack kneed characterizations, such as Elmer Mungo or Johnathan Winter's "little old lady" and, generally pervert himself into a mindless yuckster. However, the new time limitations did not allow development of elaborate bits, so Smith began to give his presentation ZOOM and PUNCH by rapidly playing with words and "Subliminally" panning commercially. An ad for Lake Limerick was followed by a record about swimming in hot muddy water, Compoze was spelled out by Smith as C-O-M-P-O-S-T, the Yardbirds record Backwards Forwards Upwards Down was described as "from page 6 Kama Suta Calender". O'Day listens constantly for such things or posts a lackey to jot down notes on his DJ's glib infractions. Smith began vocalizing the paranoia of the station by referring to O'Day as "The Man". Finally, when Smith was caught violating the station rule that no one shall be allowed on the premises after 6 pm, he was told he would be fired. Smith said he had let two Tacoma boys who were studying Radio at a Trade school in to look at the transmitters. However, the official explanation is that Smith's comment after a Coke ad (Sandy Posey drinks Coke after Coke after Coke after Coke... "yeah and you otta see her teeth") was construed by a Coke ad man who just happened to be listening to mean that Coke rots your teeth. O'Day said Smith's loose tongue almost lost the \$40,000 Coke account. Smith was hired immediately by the nostalgic KSNB.

Other signs of the crumbling O'Day petty tyranny: Dick Curtis ex-"Associate" of Pat O'Day's promo outlet was bought up by KOL for \$23,000 per year, the FCC is hearing suit against O'Day on the charges of an antitrust violation in connection with advertising for his chain of dancehalls, KOL expects to further whittle away at the JR ratings and plans to convert their FM station to what sounds like an Underground Top Forty program under the direction of Robin Mitchell. The whole show from 6 pm to 6 am will be taped and automated and far from the KMPX ideal, but promises better music than is now available except on KRAB.

KJR's only response to almost two years of dissatisfaction and criticism will be to allow Lan Roberts to play the music he likes between 9 and 10 pm on Sundays just before the Presbyterian Church comes on with its GET STRUNG OUT ON JESUS show.

situationnist international

LES PRINCIPES
N'ONT GUERRE
NI A BONHEUR DE
PUIS NON ENFAN
CE. ILS FLENTON
JOURS UNIQUE SA
CE DE MARRON



S.I. conspirator (85 lbs.)
dismissed as assistant in
Political Sciences, charged
with lifting a door (200 lbs.)
out of its hinges.

In November 1966, Strasbourg University was the scene of a preliminary skirmish between modern capitalism and the new revolutionary forces which it is beginning to engender.

For the first time, a few students abandoned pseudo-revolt and found their way to a coherent radical activity of a kind which has everywhere been repressed by reformism. This small group got itself elected, amidst the apathy of Strasbourg's 16,000 students, to the committee of the left-wing students' union. Once in this position of power, they began to put union funds to good use. They founded a Society for the Rehabilitation of Karl Marx and Ravachol. They plastered the walls of the city with a Marxist comic-strip, "The Return of the Durutti Column". They proclaimed their intention to dissolve the union once and for all. Worst of all, they enlisted the aid of the notorious Situationist International, and ran off ten thousand copies of a lengthy pamphlet which poured shit on student life and loves (and a few other things).

OF STUDENT POVERTY

When this was handed out at the official ceremony marking the beginning of the academic year, only de Gaulle was unaffected. The press—local, national and international—had a field-day. It took three weeks for the local Party of Order—from right-wing students to the official left, via Alsatian mill-owners—to eject these fanatics. The union was closed by a court order on the 14th of December. The judge's summing-up was disarmingly lucid.

The accused have never denied the charge of misusing the funds of the students' union. Indeed, they openly admit to having made the union pay some £500 for the printing and distribution of 10,000 pamphlets, not to mention the cost of other literature inspired by "Internationale Situationniste". These publications express ideas and aspirations which, to put it mildly, have nothing to do with the aims of a student union. One has only to read what the accused have written, for it to be obvious that these five students, scarcely more than adolescents, lacking all experience of real life, their minds confused by ill-digested philosophical, social, political and economic theories, and perplexed by the drab monotony of their everyday life, make the empty, arrogant and pathetic claim to pass definitive judgments, sinking to outright abuse, on their fellow-students, their teachers, God, religion, the clergy, the governments and political systems of the whole world. Rejecting all morality and restraint, these cynics do not hesitate to commend theft, the destruction of scholarship, the abolition of work, total subversion and a world-wide proletarian revolution with "unlicensed pleasure" as its only goal.

In view of their basically anarchist character, these theories and propaganda are eminently noxious. Their wide diffusion in both student circles and among the general public, by the local, national and foreign press, are a threat to the morality, the studies, the reputation and thus the very future of the students of the University of Strasbourg.

The phenomena of revolt, preceding the Strasbourg explosion have been adequately dealt with in the pamphlet of which portions are reprinted, pages 12-13. No use repeating. However we will have a good look at significant developments ever since.

Keiner Partei dürfen wir vertrauen!

Berlin, January. Here, to understand the sudden upheaval of the summer and fall, we have appreciate two representative lines. The Horror-kommunes and S.D.S., to be compared with respectively Abbie Hoffman's NY Provos (see page 12) and American S.D.S.

The horror kommune, although raising havoc, has rather blurred the issues, in an ideology of confusion, following the confusion of ideologies. Intending to horrify the square world, they hardly succeeded in being funny with their costumery and sub-sexual revolution that had to be performed while all the rest was still in place. They got lost in the web of legalistic explanations: why one of their members could not have thrown a stone during the anti-shah demonstration where he should have thrown it in the first place. Likewise their anarchistic outlooks were obscured by a loud acclamation of the cultural revolution and super-bureaucratic chairman Macso redbook.

S.D.S. however, rising from a youth subsidiary of the Socialist party, turned finally against their fathers, their academic factories and their obsolete professors. It formulated a confused but in its partiality, an often true analysis: The task of the student since he is more informed and cannot make the revolution by himself (after all), is to raise and organize the consciousness of all who are repressed thus creating the revolutionary class. Knowing also, however that to be positivist now would only lead to further manipulation. Opposing all political parties, (but not the party system with its inevitable manipulation), they espouse vaguely, ideas of workers' councils, soviets and do realize the necessity of a workers' alliance on common terms. (compare Japan's Zengakeren) They know the last admissible profession is to be a revolutionary.

Due, however, to their socialistic descendence, they still reason within 19th century terms of state control: The "revolutionary" party. They acclaim, foolishly like Godard the state-engendered cultural revolution and take Cuba's on Jugoslavia's illusory self-management for revolutionary. They practice a schizophrenic consciousness, living in two worlds, on one hand: the state, culture, leadership (Dutchke, the German Mario de Savio) and the family, on the other: revolution, the refusal of the old order. They still have to learn that the basis of the old world is separation and partial truth.

Thousands in Poland Fight Police

Larsaw March. The events of this month prove our former analysis (see "10 days" pamphlet.) The state capitalistic bureaucracy, denounced in 1965 by two brilliant students, Kuron and Modzelewski (son of party bureaucrats!) in their "Open Letter to the Workers Party", and did not fail to imprison them again, as soon as opposition broke into the streets. As our two comrades affirmed, it was necessary to abolish the present system of production and social relations and hereto "revolution is unavoidable." This consciousness now has reached the breaking point. Students supported in fact by adult workers include solidarity messages from the rolling-stock factory in Wroclaw, do not claim a return to

THE RETURN OF THE DURUTTI COLUMN

(See next page.)

Situationist International P.O. Box 491

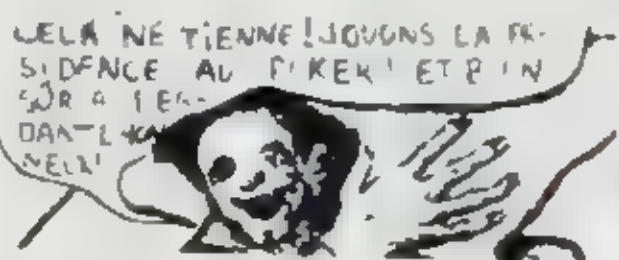
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TORINO, March. Three months of sustained agitation at this university succeeded in spreading a new spirit of revolt over 25 cities in Italy, climaxing in the Roman Head-mashing story. What started as a partial protest against the usual manipulation of student life, (dislocation of dormitories, obsolescence of facilities and programs, sexual repression) grew into the comprehensive awareness of the oppressive nature of actual society as a whole. The agents of this transition, as in Strasbourg, have been associates of the situationist international. As a matter of fact, they are applying the same methods and even the Italian version of the pamphlet. Thus our friends (with their friends: 30) in an effort to materialise their demands, managed to knock down the door of the deans office, and told him what he was, a schmuck. The tone of the revolt was set. An agitation committee arose. Study groups tried to grasp a coherent picture of their problems, in terms of quality of life, cultural exploitation, university equals factory, etc. To transform their analysis in action, self-managing reunions were set up to break with the already growing dirigism of the committee.

NOV. 27th. The built strength broke free. The doors of the University broke down. The university fell in student hands and was to stay there till Dec. 27th. All entrances were chained except one, passes issued only to those who practiced agreement. The study groups were continued in so-called anti-lectures in which participated students, assistants and even some late-coming leftists professors. Reunions continued to decide upon all matters relevant to the occupation. Information-commandos were sent to factories, communities and faculties: even to the ousted careerists, who had taken refuge in an old unheated administration building, and whose lectures were constantly disrupted. By Dec. 25th the insurgents counted 700. Dec. 27th. Finally, the police charged. The administration counted their peanuts and thought the Xmas vacation with its' low-tide, would be ideal to do away with the nuisance, gently, without noise. But, although heads were smashed and the university vacated, the rebels quickly overcame this one day of defeat and charged the university the next day, bringing disruption and despair to the authorities. The university was forcibly closed. The same pattern was repeated, as soon as the semester started. In spite of permanent police-presence terror, the blackmailing of students and assistants, the communist rent-a-cops and an elaborate cooption effort, which promised that complaints would be heard and charges dropped if the student would stick to the rules of the administration game, the horrible extremists refused to the shipload of insults, anything but the implementation of their minium demands: self management by the student committees. Jan. 23., the University of Turina after two more days of turmoil, closed down indefinitely.



Chiuse a tempo indeterminato le facoltà di Palazzo Campana

During that week, the same kind of action spread to 25 other cities and finally caused the infamous skull cracking in Rome (200 wounded)
THE STRUGGLE IS POSSIBLE!!

the old order, but on the contrary, a realization of a revolutionary society composed of free individuals. They finally took to the streets. Invariably, however, the totalitarian state bureaucracies. U.S.S.R. China (see our pamphlet "Shattering Point of Ideology in China") and now, Poland have to take recourse to the most savage repression. Youth in revolt are termed and treated as hooligans, i.e., ministries do exist to fight this delinquency that consists in wanting true freedom instead of the bourgeois morality of the fucking family, of work and the party.

The proprietors of the state, Gomulka and his bunch, take recourse to some ideological tinkering. Thus the Zionist plot is discovered. The nightmare of evident religious counter-revolution is brought in, to purge in affect any opposition from the left. Although Poland's "leaders" keep in the same hand the possibilities to economical and ideological control unlike in China where a division led to the shattering conflicts between the ideological masters of Peking and the tenants of the economical gravity center in Shanghai, it has never undergone the same total (and totalitarian) eradication of all traces of religious and racial minorities. As a consequence an exaggeration of a Zionist threat would backfire immediately. (See N.Y. Times, March 26th). Neither does Poland have Chinese walls behind which schoolchildren can be massively drilled into a redbook waving appearance of revolution and programs so-called counter-revolutionary minorities can be waged. Nor can it boast an independence from its Russian benefactors. On the contrary, changes in the distribution process, due to a relativestate of abundance, imposed a loosening of the economical ham-strings and a widening of contacts with the West. Thus the currents might be irreversible since the problem in the East is not so much to define the aims of revolution, but to learn how to fight for them. In the West struggle may be easy, but the goals are left obscure or ideological in the Eastern bureaucracies there are no illusions about what is being fought for, hence the bitterness of the struggle. In the East the main task is: The proletarian critique of the dictatorship of the proletariat next to devising the forms revolution must take in the immediate future.

Seattle, March. Worldwide struggle is going on....yeah! However the coherence of these aims has still to be assured. Americas problem is not that no fight can be put up but how and for what. The recent Howard University occupation (cf. p. 5) shows that Italian tactics can be applied, as well for Black Power's neo-capitalistic illusions and courses in Black history (as if it would be less mystifying than university taught white history), as for student participation. Likewise, Tuskegee's black college is boycotted but so are the high-schools in L.A. and the N.Y. Bronx. It shows that although grievances are the same and mainly found in the oppression of everyday life which is the real source of revolutionary potential, solutions are still sought according to the rules of the old world they should reject. They are still bl c b f being exploited, brown before being kicked around students before being subdued. point is to realize that the conditions are the same for everyone. All our lives are daily dissipated in nonsensical jobs in order to get our throats stuffed with needless goodies and cultural gadgets (from Godard to modern art) in a growingly urbanistic as well as politically totalitarian environment. While our insight is intentionally fucked up by the obsolescence of the family and religious schmucks, from the pope to Leary This old world stands increasingly on its head. It is now that we must refuse absolutely this old world and concentrate on the real world, in order to produce again great men of great character, to produce a new life and great actions.

ITS YOUR TURN TO PLAY

Long live the situationist international.

To make shame more shameful by giving it publicity

We might very well say, and no-one would disagree with us, that the student is the most universally despised creature in France, apart from the priest and the policeman. Naturally he is usually attacked from the wrong point of view, with specious reasons derived from the ruling ideology. He may be worth the contempt of a true revolutionary, yet a revolutionary critique of the student situation is currently taboo on the official Left. The licensed and impotent opponents of capitalism repress the obvious—that what is wrong with the students is also what is wrong with them. They convert their unconscious contempt into a blind enthusiasm.

Up to now, studies of student life have ignored the essential issue. The surveys and analyses have all been psychological or sociological or economic; in other words, academic exercises, content with the false categories of one specialization or another. None of them can achieve what is most needed—a view of modern society as a whole. Fourier denounced their error long ago as the attempt to apply scientific laws to the basic assumptions of the science.

Once upon a time the universities were respected; the student persists in the belief that he is lucky to be there. But he arrived too late. The bygone excellence of bourgeois culture has vanished. A mechanically produced specialist is now the goal of the "educational system". A modern economic system demands mass production of students who are not educated and have been rendered incapable of thinking. Hence the decline of the universities and the automatic nullity of the student once he enters its portals. The university has become a society for the propagation of ignorance; "high culture" has taken on the rhythm of the production line, without exception, university teachers are cretins, men who would get the bird from any audience of schoolboys. But all this hardly matters; the important thing is to go on listening respectfully. In time, if critical thinking is repressed with enough conscientiousness, the student will come to partake of the wafer of knowledge, the professor will tell him the final truths of the world. Till then—a menopause of the spirit. As a matter of course the future revolutionary society will condemn the doings of feature theatre and faculty as mere noise—socially undesirable. The student is already a very bad joke.

The student is blind to the obvious—that even his closed world is changing. The "crisis of the university"—that detail of a more general crisis of modern capitalism—is the latest fodder for the deal-mute dialogue of the specialists. This "crisis" is simple to understand: the difficulties of a specialised sector which is adjusting (too late) to a general change in the relations of production. There was once a vision—if an ideological one—of a liberal bourgeois university. But as its social base disappeared, the vision became banality.

The real poverty of his everyday life finds its immediate, phantasmic compensation in the opium of cultural commodities. In the cultural spectacle he is allotted his habitual role of the dutiful disciple. Although he is close to the production-point, access to the Sanctuary of Thought is forbidden, and he is obliged to discover "modern culture" as an admiring spectator. Art is dead, but the student is necrophiliac. He peeks at the corpse in cine-clubs and theatres, buys its fish-fingers from the cultural supermarket. Consuming unreservedly, he is in his element: he is the living proof of all the platitudes of American market research: a conspicuous consumer, complete with induced irrational preference for Brand X (Camus, for example), and irrational prejudice against Brand Y (Sartre, perhaps).

We must add in all fairness that there do exist students of a tolerable intellectual level, who without difficulty dominate the controls designed to check the mediocre capacity demanded from the others. They do so for the simple reason that they have understood the system, and so despise it and know themselves to be its enemies. They are in the system for what they can get out of it—particularly grants. Exploiting the contradiction which, for the moment at least, ensures the maintenance of a small sector—"research"—still governed by a liberal-academic rather than a technocratic rationality, they calmly carry the germs of sedition to the highest level: their open contempt for the organisation is the counterpart of a lucidity which enables them to outdo the system's lackeys, intellectually and otherwise. Such students cannot fail to become theorists of the coming revolutionary movement. For the moment, they make no secret of the fact that what they take so easily from the system shall be used for its overthrow.

The student, if he rebels at all, must first rebel against his studies, though the necessity of this initial move is felt less spontaneously by him than by the worker, who intuitively identifies his work with his total condition. At the same time, since the student is a product of modern society just like Godard or Coca-Cola, his extreme alienation can only be fought through the struggle against this whole society. It is clear that the university can in no circumstances become the battlefield; the student, insofar as he defines himself as such, manufactures a pseudo-value which must become an obstacle to any clear consciousness of the reality of his dispossession. The best criticism of student life is the behaviour of the rest of youth, who have already started to revolt. Their rebellion has become one of the signs of a fresh struggle against modern society.

It is not enough for thought to seek its realisation in practice: practice must seek its theory

The Provos are the first organisation of delinquency—they have given the delinquent experience its first political form. They are an alliance of two distinct elements: a handful of careerists from the degenerate world of "art" and a mass of beatniks looking for a new activity. The artists contributed the idea of the game, though still dressed up in various threadbare ideological garments. The delinquents had nothing to offer but the violence of their rebellion. From the start the two tendencies hardly mixed: the pre-ideological mass found itself under the Bolshevik "guidance" of the artistic ruling class, who justified and maintained their power by an ideology of provo-democracy. At the moment when the sheer violence of the delinquent had become an idea—an attempt to destroy art and go beyond it—the violence was channelled into the crassest neo-artistic reformism. The Provos are an aspect of the last reformism produced by modern capitalism: the reformism of everyday life. Like Bernstein, with his vision of socialism built by tinkering with capitalism, the Provo hierarchy think they can change everyday life by a few well-chosen improvements. What they fail to realise is that the banality of everyday life is not incidental, but the central mechanism and product of modern capitalism. To destroy it, nothing less is needed than all-out revolution. The Provos choose the fragmentary and end by accepting the totality.

To give themselves a base, the leaders have concocted the paltry ideology of the provotariat (a politico-artistic salad knocked up from the leftovers of a feast they had never known). The new provotariat is supposed to oppose the passive and "bourgeois" proletariat, still worshipped in obscure Leftist shrines. Because they despair of the fight for a total change in society, they despair of the only forces which can bring about that change. The proletariat is the motor of capitalist society, and thus its mortal enemy; everything is designed for its suppression (parties; trade union bureaucracies; the police; the colonization of all aspects of everyday life) because it is the only really menacing force. The Provos hardly try to understand any of this; and without a critique of the

IN SUCH A SOCIETY
AN OUTRIGHT PASSION
FOR THEFT INEVITABLY

system of production, they remain its servants. In the end an anti-union worker-demonstration sparked off the real conflict. The Provo base went back to direct violence, leaving their bewildered leaders to denounce "excesses" and appeal to pacifist sentiments. The Provos, who had talked of provoking authority to reveal its repressive character, finished by complaining that they had been provoked by the police. So much for their palled anarchism.

It is true that the Provo base became revolutionary in practice. But to invent a revolutionary consciousness their first task is to destroy their leaders, to rally the objective revolutionary forces of the proletariat, and to drop the Constants and De Vries of this world.

Idle reader, your cry of "What about Berkeley?" escapes us not. True, American society needs its students; and by revolting against their studies they have automatically called that society in question. From the start they have seen their revolt against the university hierarchy as a revolt against the whole hierarchical system: the dictatorship of the economy and the State. Their refusal to become an integrated part of the commodity economy, to put their specialized studies to their obvious and inevitable use, is a revolutionary gesture. It puts in doubt that whole system of production which alienates activity and its products from their creators. For all its confusion and hesitancy, the American student movement has discovered one truth of the new refusal: that a coherent revolutionary alternative can and must be found within the "affluent society".

The movement is still fixated on two relatively accidental aspects of the American crisis—the negroes and Vietnam—and the mini-groups of the New Left suffer from the fact. There is an authentic whiff of democracy in their chaotic organisation, but what they lack is a genuine subversive content. Without it they continually fall into dangerous contradictions. They may be hostile to the traditional politics of the old parties; but the hostility is futile, and will be recuperated, so long as it is based on ignorance of the political system and naive illusions about the world situation. Abstract opposition to their own society produces facile sympathy with its apparent enemies—the so-called Socialist bureaucracies of China and Cuba. A group like Resurgence Youth Movement can in the same breath condemn the State and praise the Chinese Revolution, that pseudo-revolt directed by the most elephantine bureaucracy of modern times.

At the same time, these organisations, with their eclectic liberal-humanist and religious tendencies, are always liable to "change" into the "love dynamics" which leads to the closed world of the sect. The quasi-spiritualist search for "freedom" within a world devoted to repression and control (the right wing of the youth revolt) is then an ideological "refusal" combined with an acceptance of the most fantastic superstitions (Zoroastrianism, "New Church" mysticism, and the stale parables of Christianity and humanism). Worse still, in their search for a revolutionary programme the American student fall into the same bad faith as the Provos, and proclaim themselves "the most exploited class in our society". They must understand one thing: there are no "special" student interests in revolution. Revolution will be made by all the victims of encroaching repression and the tyranny of the market.

At long last to create a situation which makes all turning back impossible

Revolution must break with its past, and derive all its poetry from the future. Little groups of "militants" who claim to represent the authentic Bolshevik heritage are voices from beyond the grave. These angels come to avenge the "betrayal" of the October Revolution, will always support the defence of the USSR, if only in the last instance. The under-developed nations are their promised land. They can scarcely sustain their illusions outside this context, where their objective role is to buttress the official underdevelopment. They struggle for the dead body of "Trotsky", invent a thousand variations on the same ideological theme, and end up with the same brand of practical and theoretical impotence. Forty years of counter-revolution separate these groups from the Revolution; since this is not 1920 they can only be wrong (and they were already wrong in 1920).

The predominant social system, which flatters itself on its modernisation and its permanence, must now be confronted with a worthy enemy: the equally modern negative forces which it produces. Let the dead bury their dead. The advance of history has a practical demystifying effect—it helps exorcise the ghosts which haunt the revolutionary consciousness. Thus the revolution of everyday life comes face to face with the enormity of its task. The revolutionary project must be reinvented, as much as the life it announces. If the project is still essentially the abolition of class society, it is because the material conditions upon which revolution was based are still with us. But revolution must be conceived with a new coherence and a new radicalism, starting with a clear grasp of the failure of those who first began it. Otherwise its fragmentary realisation will bring about only a new division of society.

The fight between the powers-that-be and the new proletariat can only be in terms of the totality. And for this reason the future revolutionary movement must be purged of any tendency to reproduce within itself the alienation produced by the commodity system; it must be the living critique of that system and the negation of it, carrying all the elements essential for its transcendence.

All the positive aspects of the Workers' Councils must be already there in an organisation which aims at their realisation. All relics of the Leninist theory of organisation must be fought and destroyed. The spontaneous creation of Soviets by the Russian workers in 1905 was in itself a practical critique of that baneful theory; yet the Bolsheviks continued to claim that working-class spontaneity could not go beyond "trade union consciousness" and would be unable to grasp the "totality". This was no less than a decapitation of the proletariat so that the Party could place itself "at the head" of the Revolution. If once you dispute the proletariat's capacity to emancipate itself, as Lenin did so ruthlessly, then you deny its capacity to organise all aspects of a post-revolutionary society. In such a context, the slogan "All Power to the Soviets" meant nothing more than the subjection of the Soviets to the Party, and the installation of the Party State in place of the temporary "State" of the armed masses.

"All Power to the Soviets" is still the slogan, but this time without the Bolshevik afterthoughts. The proletariat can only play the game of revolution if the stakes are the whole world, for the only possible form of workers' power—generalized and complete autogestion—can be shared with nobody. Workers' control is the abolition of all authority: it can abide no limitation, geographical or otherwise; any compromise amounts to surrender. "Workers' control" must be the means and the end of the struggle: it is at once the goal of that struggle and its adequate form.

A total critique of the world is the guarantee of the realism and reality of a revolutionary organisation. To tolerate the existence of an oppressive social system in one place or another, simply because it is packaged and sold as revolutionary, is to condone universal oppression.

What is the revolutionary project? The conscious domination of history by the men who make it. Modern history, like all past history, is the product of social praxis, the unconscious result of human action. In the epoch of totalitarian control, capitalism has produced its own religion: the spectacle. In the spectacle, ideology becomes flesh of our flesh, is realised here on earth. The world itself walks upside down. And like the "critique of religion" in Marx's day, the critique of the spectacle is now the essential precondition of any critique

POSTSCRIPT: If you make a social revolution, do it for fun

If the above text needed confirmation, it was amply provided by the reactions to its publication. In Strasbourg itself, a very respectable and somewhat old-world city, the traditional reflex of outraged horror was still accessible—witness Judge Labador's naive admission that our ideas are subversive (see our introduction). At this level too, the press seized on the passing encouragements to stealing and hedonism (interpreted, inevitably, in a narrow erotic sense). The union cellars had become the most infamous dive in Strasbourg. The officers had been turned into a pigsty, with students daubing on the walls and relieving themselves in the corridors. They had come with inflatable mattresses to sleep on the premises "with women and children"! Minors had been perverted.

The amoral popular press was of course at wit's end to find adequate labels: the Provos, the Beatniks, and a "weird group of anarchists" were variously reported to have seized power in the city. Under the direction of situationist beatniks, the University restaurant was in the red, and the union's Morsiglia holiday camp had been used free, gratis and for nothing by these gentlemen.

Some tried their hand at analysis, but only communicated the stunned incomprehension of a man suddenly caught in quicksands: "The San Francisco and London beatniks, the mods and rockers of the English beaches, the hooligans behind the Iron Curtain, all have been largely superseded by this wave of new-style nihilism. Today it is no longer a matter of outrageous hair and clothes, of dancing hysterically to induce a state of ecstasy, no longer even a matter of entering the artificial paradise of drugs. From now on, the international of young people who are 'against it' is no longer satisfied with provoking society, but intent on destroying it—on destroying the very foundations of a society made for the old and rich and according to a state of freedom without any kind of restriction whatsoever."

It was the Rector of the University who led the chorus of modernist repression: "These students have insulted their professors," he declared. "They should be dealt with by psychiatrists. I don't want to take any legal measures against them—they should be in a lunatic asylum. As to their incitement to illegal acts, the Minister of the Interior is looking into that." (I stand for freedom, he added.) Later, besieged by the press, he reiterated that "We need sociologists and psychologists to explain such phenomena to us." An Italian journalist replied that some of his most brilliant social-science students were in fact responsible for the whole affair. The situationists had an ever better reply to such appeals to the psychiatric cops: through the agency of the student mutual organisation, they officially closed the local student psychiatric clinic. It is to be hoped that one day such institutions will be physically destroyed rather than tolerated, but in the meantime this "administrative" decision has such an exemplary value that it is worth quoting.

The administrative committee of the Strasbourg section of the Mutuelle Nationale des Etudiants de France considering that the University Psychological Aid Bureau (BAPU) represents the introduction of a para-police control of students in the form of a repressive psychiatry whose clear function everywhere, somewhere, between outright judicial oppression and the degrading lies of the mass spectacle—is to help maintain the apathy of all the exploited victims of modern capitalism:

considering that this type of modernist repression was evoked as soon as the Committee of the General Federal Association of the Strasbourg Students made known its adhesion to situationist theses by publishing the pamphlet "Of Student Poverty" and that Rector Bayen was quite ready to denounce those responsible to the press as the cases for the psychiatrists:

considering that the existence of a BAPU is a scandal and a menace to all those students of the University who are determined to think for themselves, hereby decides that from the twelfth of January 1967 the BAPU of Strasbourg shall be closed down.

Another development which must have been predictable to any studious reader of the pamphlet was the attempt to explain away the Strasbourg affair in terms of a "crisis in the universities". *Le Monde*, the most "serious" French paper, and a platform for technocratic liberalism, kept its head while all around were losing theirs. After a long silence to get its breath back, it published an article which shackled situationist activity in Alsace to the "present student malaise" (another symptom: fascist violence in Paris University), for which the only cure is to give "real responsibility" to the students (read: let them direct their own alienation). This type of reasoning refuses *a priori* to see the obvious that so-called student malaise is a symptom of a far more general disease.

Much was made of the unrepresentative character of the union committee, although it had been quite legally elected. It is quite true, however, that our friends got power thanks to the apathy of the vast majority. The action had no mass base whatsoever. What it achieved was to expose the emptiness of student politics and indicate the minimum requirements for any conceivable movement of revolutionary students. At the general assembly of the National Union of French Students in January, the Strasbourg group proposed a detailed motion calling for the dissolution of the organisation, and obtained the implicit support of a large number of honest but confused delegates, disgusted by the corridor politics and phoney revolutionary pretensions of the union. Such disgust, though perhaps a beginning, is not enough: a revolutionary consciousness among students would be the very opposite of student consciousness. Until students realise that their interests coincide with those of all who are exploited by modern capitalism, there is little or nothing to be hoped for from the universities. Meanwhile, the exemplary gestures of avant-garde minorities are the only form of radical activity available.

This holds good not only in the universities but almost everywhere. In the absence of a widespread revolutionary consciousness, a quasi-terroristic denunciation of the official world is the only possible planned public action on the part of a revolutionary group. The importance of Strasbourg lies in this: it offers one possible model of such action. A situation was created in which society was forced to finance, publicise and broadcast a revolutionary critique of itself, and furthermore to confirm this critique through its reactions to it. It was essentially a lesson in turning the tables on contemporary society. The official world was played with by a group that understood its nature better than the official world itself. The exploiters were elegantly exploited. But despite the virtuosity of the operation, it should be seen as no more than an initial and, in view of what is to come, very modest attempt to create the praxis by which the crisis of this society as a whole can be precipitated; as such, it raises far wider problems of revolutionary organisation and tactics. As the mysterious M.K. remarked to a journalist, Strasbourg itself was no more than "a little experiment".

The concept of "subversion" (*détournement*), originally used by the situationists in a purely cultural context, can well be used to describe the type of activity at present available to us on many fronts. An early definition: "the redeployment of pre-existing artistic elements within a new ensemble". Its two basic principles are the loss of importance of each originally independent element (which may even lose its first sense completely), and the organisation of a new significant whole which confers a fresh meaning on each element" (cf. *Internationale Situationniste* 3, pp. 10-11). The historical significance of this technique or game derives from its ability to both devalue and "reinvest" the heritage of a dead cultural past, so that "subversion negates the value of previous

forms of expression... but at the same time expresses the search for a broader form, at a higher level—for a new creative currency". Subversion counters the manoeuvre of modern society, which seeks to recuperate and fossilize the relics of past creativity within its spectacle. It is clear that this struggle on the cultural terrain is no different in structure from the more general revolutionary struggle, subversion can therefore also be conceived as the creation of a new use value for political and social *débris*: a student union, for example, recuperated long ago and turned into a paltry agency of repression, can become a beacon of sedition and revolt. Subversion is a form of action transcending the separation between art and politics: it is the art of revolution.

Strasbourg marks the beginning of a new period of situationist activity. The social position of situationist thought has been determined up to now by the following contradiction: the most highly developed critique of modern life has been made in one of the least highly developed modern countries—in a country which has not yet reached the point where the complete disintegration of all values becomes patently obvious and engenders the corresponding forces of radical rejection. In the French context, situationist theory has anticipated the social forces by which it will be realised.

In the more highly developed countries, the opposite has happened: the forces of revolt exist, but without a revolutionary perspective. The Committee of 100 or the Berkeley rebellion of 1964, for example, were spontaneous mass movements which collapsed because they proved incapable of grasping more than the incidental aspects of alienation (the Bomb, Free Speech...), because they failed to understand that these were merely specific manifestations of everyone's exclusion from the whole of his experience, on every level of individual and social life. Without a critique of this fundamental alienation, these movements could never articulate the real dissatisfaction which created them—dissatisfaction with the nature of everyday life, while a specialised "values" they could only become integrated or dissolve. As a shrewd Italian journalist wrote in *L'Europeo*, situationist theory is the "missing link" in the development of the new forces of revolt: the revolutionary perspective of total transformation still absent from the immense discontent of contemporary youth, as from the industrial struggle which continues in all its violence at shop-floor level. The time will come—and our job is to hasten it—when these two currents join forces. Louise Crowley has indicated the reactionary role to which the old workers' movement is now doomed: the maintenance of work made potentially unnecessary by the progress of automation. Whatever *Solidarity* may think, outright opposition to forced labour is going to become a rallying-point of revolutionary activity in the most advanced areas of the world.

Already, in the highly industrialised countries, the decomposition of modern society is becoming obvious at a mass level. All previous ideological explanations of the world have collapsed, and left the misery and chaos of everyday life without any coherent dissimulation at all. Politics, morality and culture are all in ruins—and have now reached the point of being marketed as such, as their own parody, the spectacle of decadence being the last desperate attempt to stabilise the decadence of the spectacle. Less and less masks the reduction of the whole of life to the production and consumption of commodities; less and less masks the relationship between the isolation, emptiness and anguish of everyday life and this dictatorship of the commodity; less and less masks the increasing waste of the forces of production, and the richness of lived experience now possible if these forces were only used to fulfil human desires instead of to repress them.

If England is the temporary capital of the spectacular world, it is because no other country could take its demoralization so seriously. The island, having recovered from its fit of satirical giggles, has flipped out. The consumption of hysteria has become a principle of social production, but one where the real banality of the goods keeps breaking the surface, and letting loose a necessary violence—the violence of a man who has been given everything, but finds that every thing is phoney. Fashion accelerates because revolution is treading on its tail.

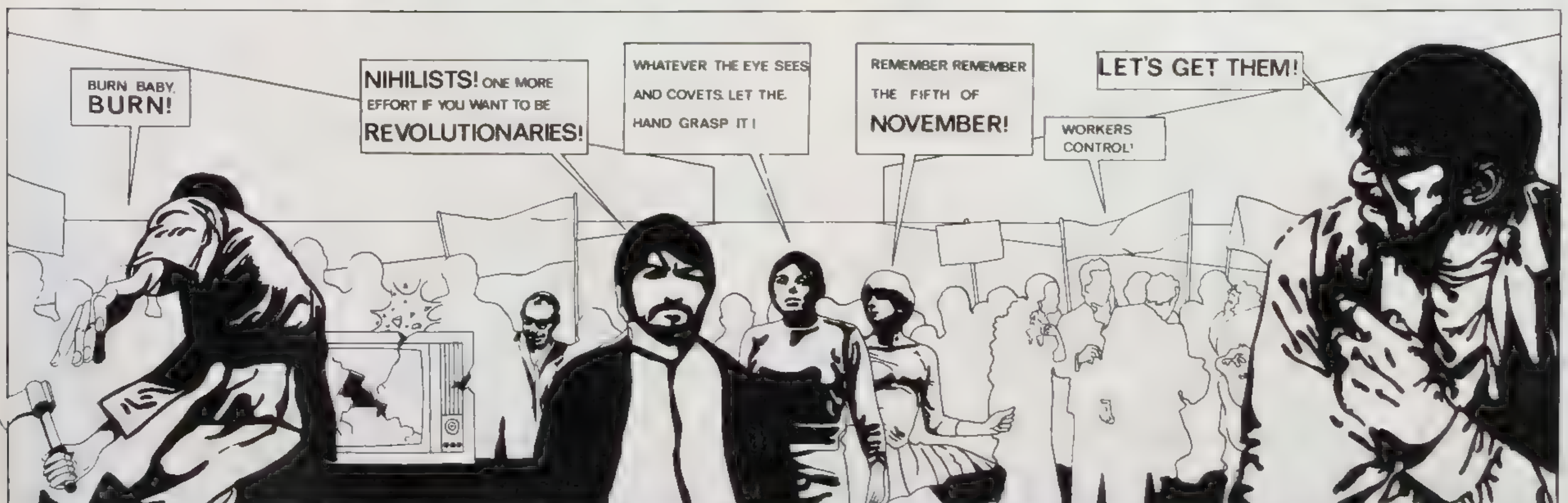
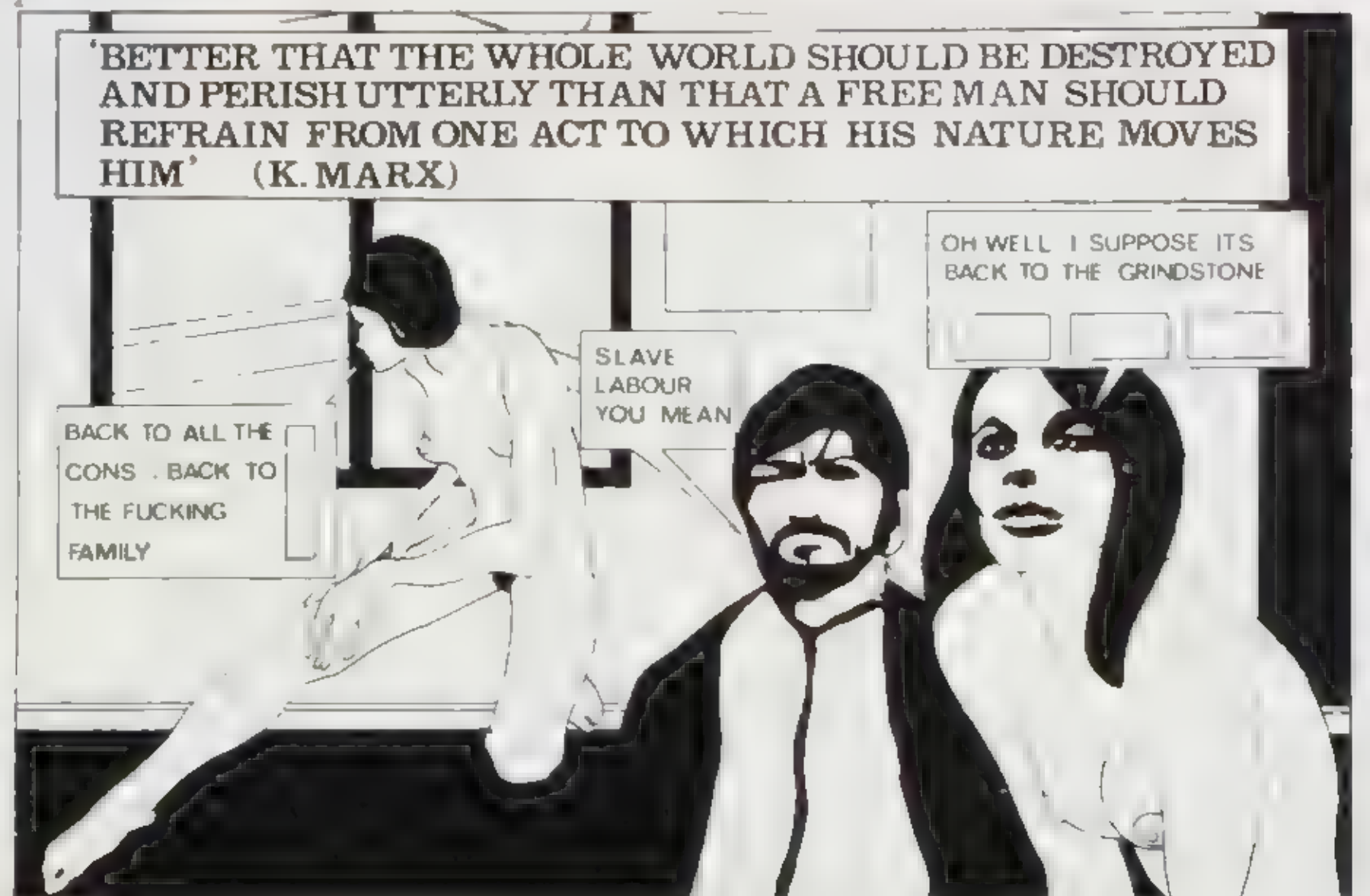
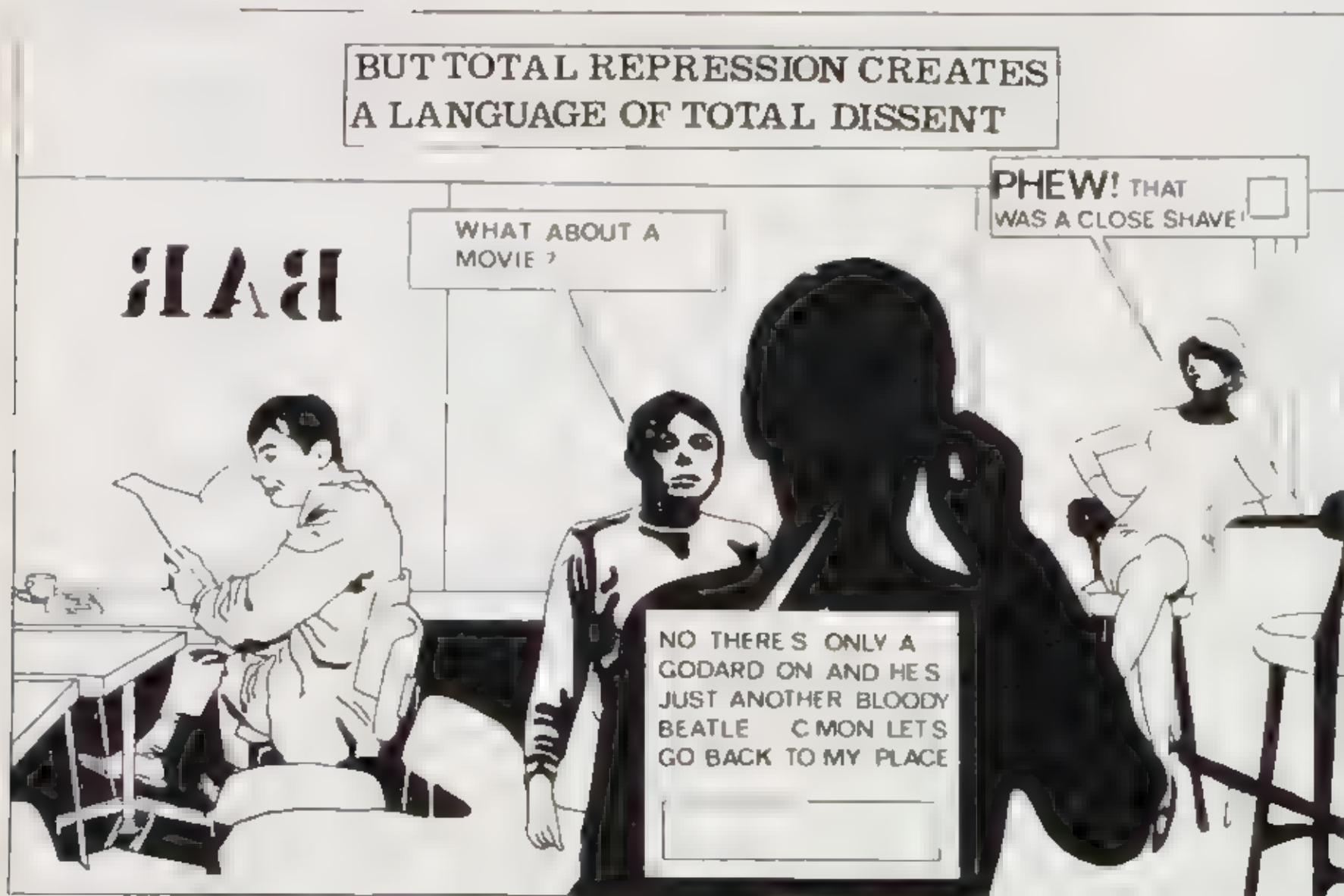
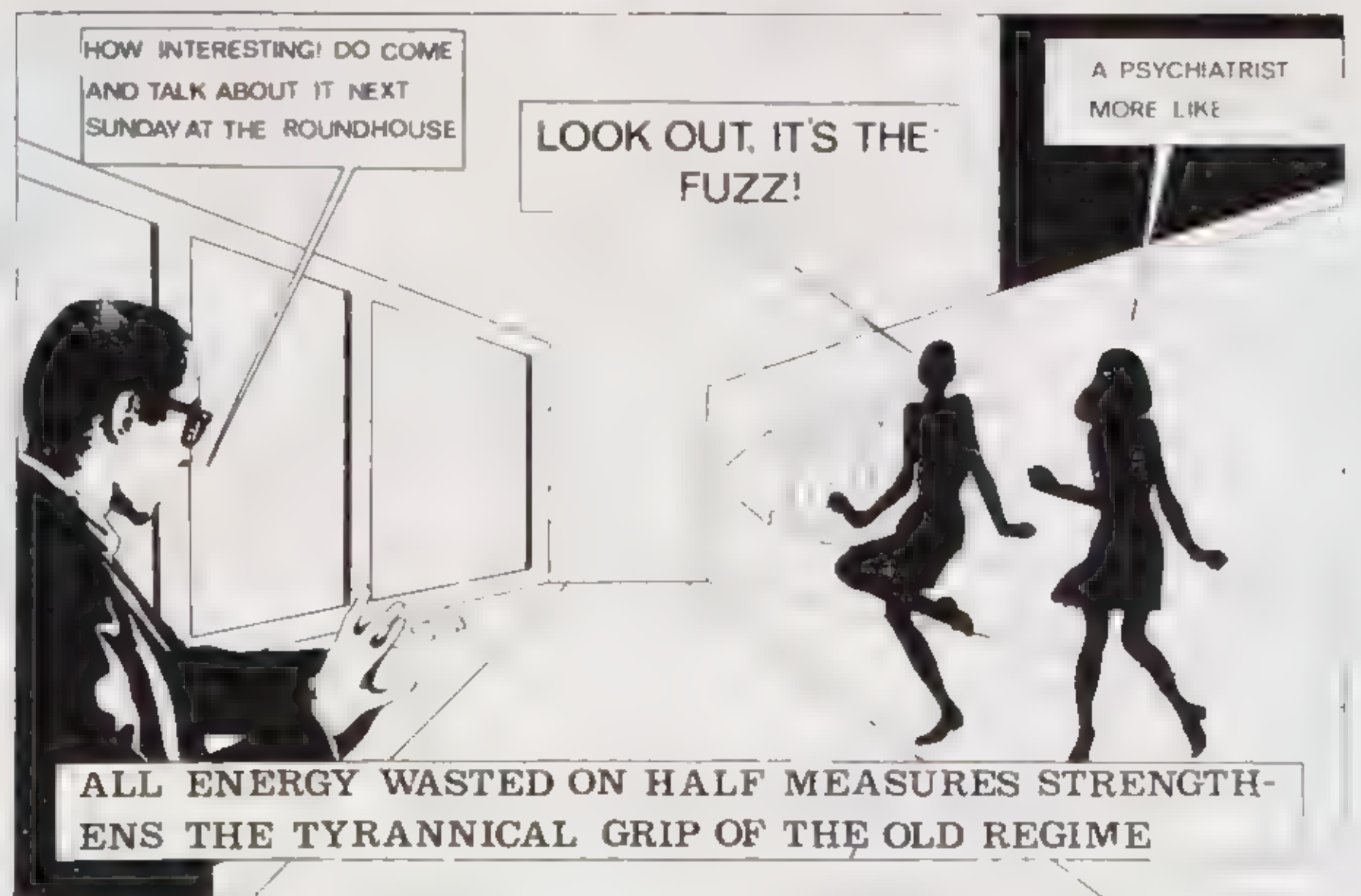
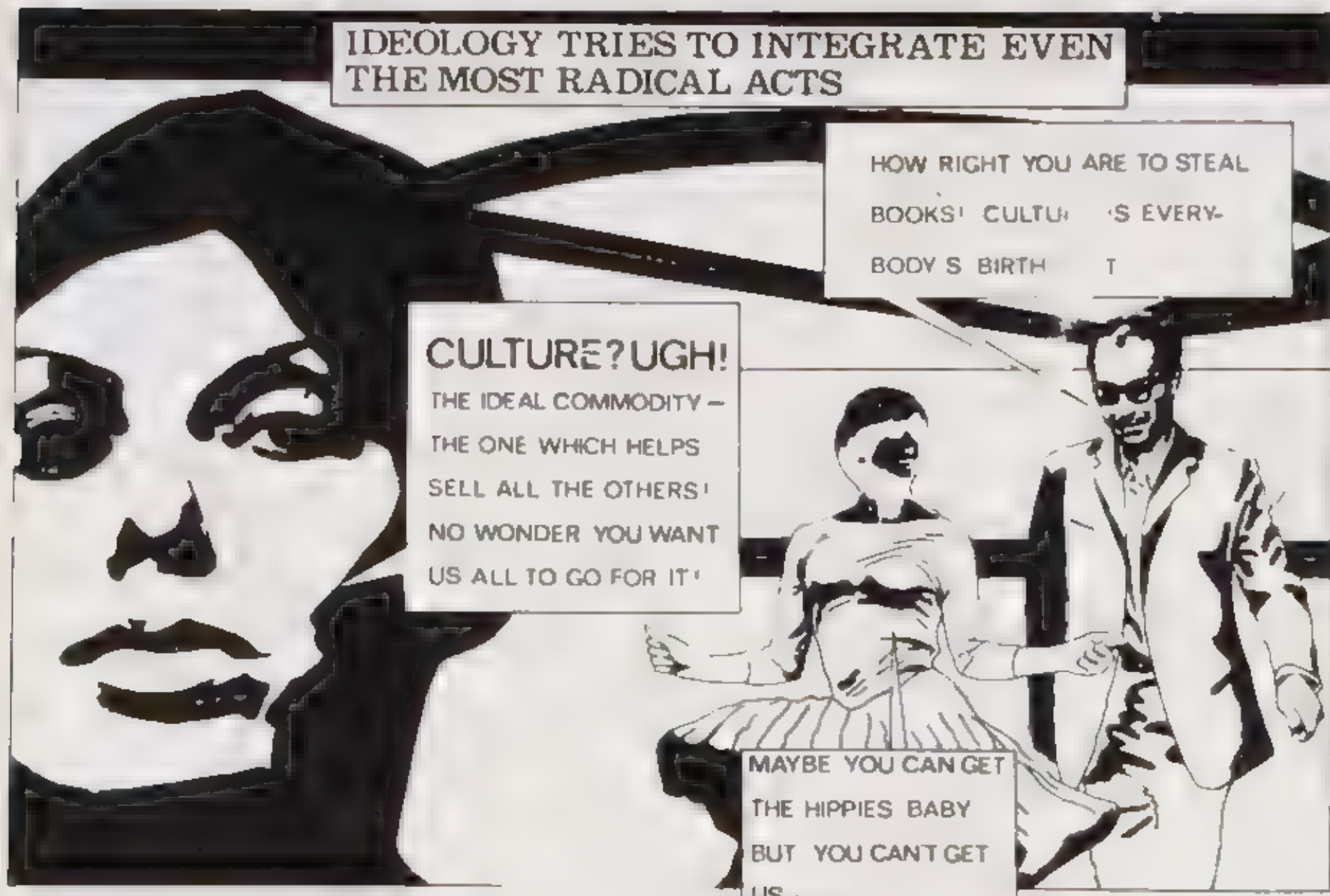
With the end of the first phase of pop, the spectacle is beginning to pitch its convulsive tent in the theatre and the art gallery. Degenerate bourgeois entertainment is dying of self-consciousness and impotent dislike of its audience; rather than mount improvised "political" tear-jerkers, it should learn to destroy itself. Now is the time for a Christopher Fry revival.

Fake culture, fake politics. If we pass over student unionism in Anglo-America, it is out of simple contempt. There is a sharpening of the pseudo-struggle (Reagan versus the Regents, LSE versus Addams), but its only interest is in guessing which side is financed by the CIA. The triumph of Wilsonism is more important, since its harsh mediocrity reveals the logic of modern capitalism: the stronger the Labour Movement, with its bone-hard hierarchies and its school-teacher notions of technology and social justice, the greater the guarantee of total repression. The militant proletariat, whose opposition to the capitalist system is unabated, will remain revolutionary chickenfeed till the myth of the Labour Movement has been finally laid.

With the decline of the spectacular antagonisms (Tory/Labour, East/West, High Culture/Low Culture), the official Left is looking round for new mock battles to fight. It has always had a masochistic urge to embrace the tough-minded alternative. The orthodox "communist" party owed its popularity among the lumpenintelligentsia to an assertion that it was too practical to have time for theory—a claim amply confirmed by its own blend of flaccid intellectual nullity and permanent political impotence. Those who counsel "working within the Labour Movement" play on the same secret craving to rush around with buckets of water trying to light a fire. The latest enthusiasm of the Left is Mao's "cultural revolution", that farce produced by courtesy of the Chinese bureaucracy (complete with blue jokes about red panties). To repeat an old adage, there is no revolution without the arming of the working class. A revolution of unarmed schoolchildren, which even then has to be neutered by the "support" of the army, is a pseudo-revolution serving some obscure need for readjustment within the bureaucracy. As a tactic for bureaucratic reorganisation it is familiar—after the hysterical and ineffective purge of the Right comes the appeal to "discipline", the call "to purify our ranks and eliminate individualism" (*People's Daily*, 21st Feb., 1967), and finally the essential purge of the Left. Far from marking an attack on "socialist" bureaucracy, the GPCR marks the bureaucracy's first adjustment to the techniques of neo-capitalist repression, its colonisation of everyday life. It is the beginning of the Great Leap Forward to Krushov's Russia and Kennedy's America.

The real revolution begins at home: in the desperation of consumer production, in the continuing struggle of the unofficial working class. As yet this unofficial revolt has an official ideology. The notion that modern capitalism is producing new revolutionary forces, new poverties of a new proletariat, is still suppressed. Instead there is an *a priori* fascination with the "conversion" or the "subversion" of the old union movement. The militants are recuperating themselves (and their intellectual "advisers" urge on the process). The only real subversion is in a new consciousness and a new alliance—the location of the struggle in the banalities of everyday life, in the supermarket and the beatclub as well as on the shopfloor. The enemy is entrism, cultural or political. Art and the Labour Movement are dead! Long live the Situationist International!

1 "Beyond Automation", *Monthly Review*, November, 1964 (reprinted in *Anarchy* 49, March, 1965). Crowley's remarks on the "new lumpenproletariat" are of particular interest.



internationale situationniste

LATTER DAY DEMONS



THE EAGLE

American Christians have not found it necessary to conduct witch trials since 1692, when two old women and a slave bewitched ten girls in Salem. The community was still not convinced of its safety after nineteen witches were hanged and another, who refused to plead was pressed to death; but Governor Phelps ordered the remaining prisoners released.

Although his decision has long been widely applauded, new developments may indicate that he acted too hastily. The signs may be too subtle for the ordinary observer-the cat ceases its crys under the window; bugs flash under the street light, but few bats appear; fewer toads sound in the night or a shadowy figure gathers mushrooms in the cemetery. Indeed, witches are just as deceptive as they ever were - but they seem to be making a comeback. The sharp eye of "The Eagle" has uncovered the conspiracy in its March 7 issue, by publishing a timely reprint from the "Christain Beacon."

The article cites as evidence that newspapers have mentioned that the late, Linda Fitzpatrick, the wealthy-family dropout who became "dependent on L.S.D. and the sexual experience," also associated with "male witches" before her murder; "one of the Beatles is quoted as saying he believed our whole thought system is controlled by forces in the Himalyas; Bishop Pike is constantly quizzed on his communication with his dead son; spirit-centered Pentecostalism is the fastest growing sect in Protestantism today; and/ the ecumenical dreamers are seeking a theology which will cross all the lines that distinguish all world religions so they can cut them off and tie them all together."

It is also pointed out that "Drug use is soaring in the Western world...; interest in Eastern religions, meditations, yoga, mystical rites, (and) communication with the spirits and the dead, are being reported with increasing frequency in the daily press."

Certain Americans, like in early Salem, may want to pooh-pooh the idea that there are really witches communicating with evil forces. Others may respond naively "if hippies want to have intercourse with spirits, its their business." But the article points out that "There is no doubt from the Biblical record that there exists a spirit world with which the Christain should never tamper." This is a demon-controlled world that (is?) referred to as under the domain of the Prince of Power of the Air.

"Since the Protestant Reformation, this world of familiar spirits, demons (and) witches has been on the eclipse. Now with the decline of Protestantism, the rise of apostasy, the rise of post apcstasy reactionary movements such as the love religions, we can expect a rebirth of such practices."

So that people wouldn't think that it couldn't happen in the home of "The Eagle," it was pointed out that in the alleys of Yakima, in "broad daylight," two Neoros were seen chasing a cat which entered, never to return again, a chimney "bellowing clouds of soot."

In the face of this onslaught of drug users, bishops, love-ins, witch-doctors, ecumenical dreamers, witches, rich girls "dependent on L.S.D. and the sexual experience," and other anti-Bible and pro-evil-forces conditions, The Eagle article has called upon "the Christain" to "do all in his power to withstand the tide in that direction and, above all, to lovingly teach and inform to-day's youth of the dangers with which they are becoming involved."

The appeal is moderate in the face of a growing serious danger and one wonders how long certain Christians will continue to exhibit such self-restraint - knowing all the while - their daughters may suddenly become bewitched, perhaps by a stringy haired neighbor of strange habits or by a bearded descendant of the Salem slave who is, today, walking the streets as he fingers a crucifix and numbles something. The state still allows hanging - but it may take some community effort to revive pressing to deal with those who refuse to plead. If this danger is not stopped, we may all end up bewitched - smoking pot and talking to the dead.

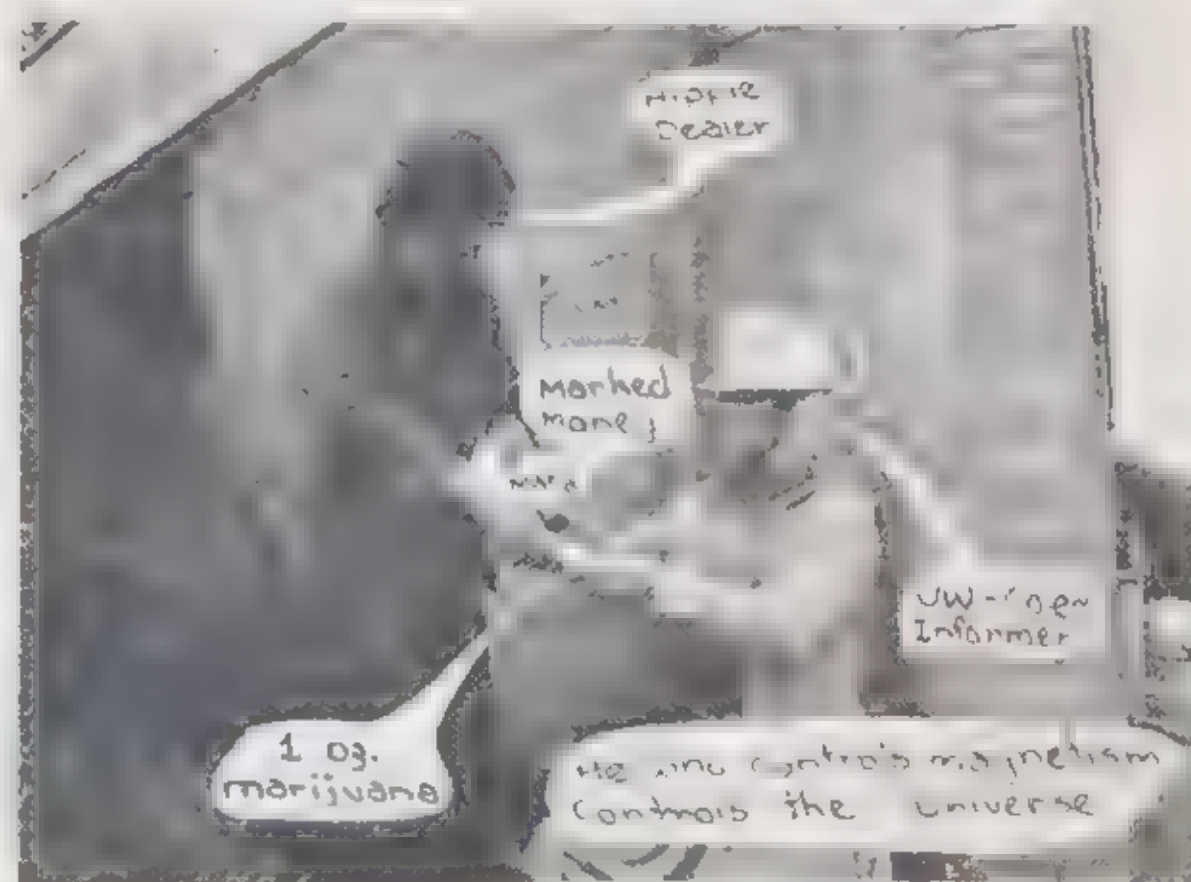
BURN BABY BURN

On Tuesday March 11, 1968 two smack freaks burned a young marijuana dealer at gun point, it was the last straw. The following Friday the organizational meeting of the V.C. of C.C. i.e. Vigilante Committee of Concerned Citizens took place around a worn table in the Red Robin Tavern. The concerned people at the meeting decided to strike. Sweeping down on the responsible parties using the merciless tactics of the V.C. of C.C., the "Firefighters" struck with maximum effectiveness. Within three days a large portion of the burn money was returned. Burn artists beware of the vigilant forces of the V.C. of C.C.

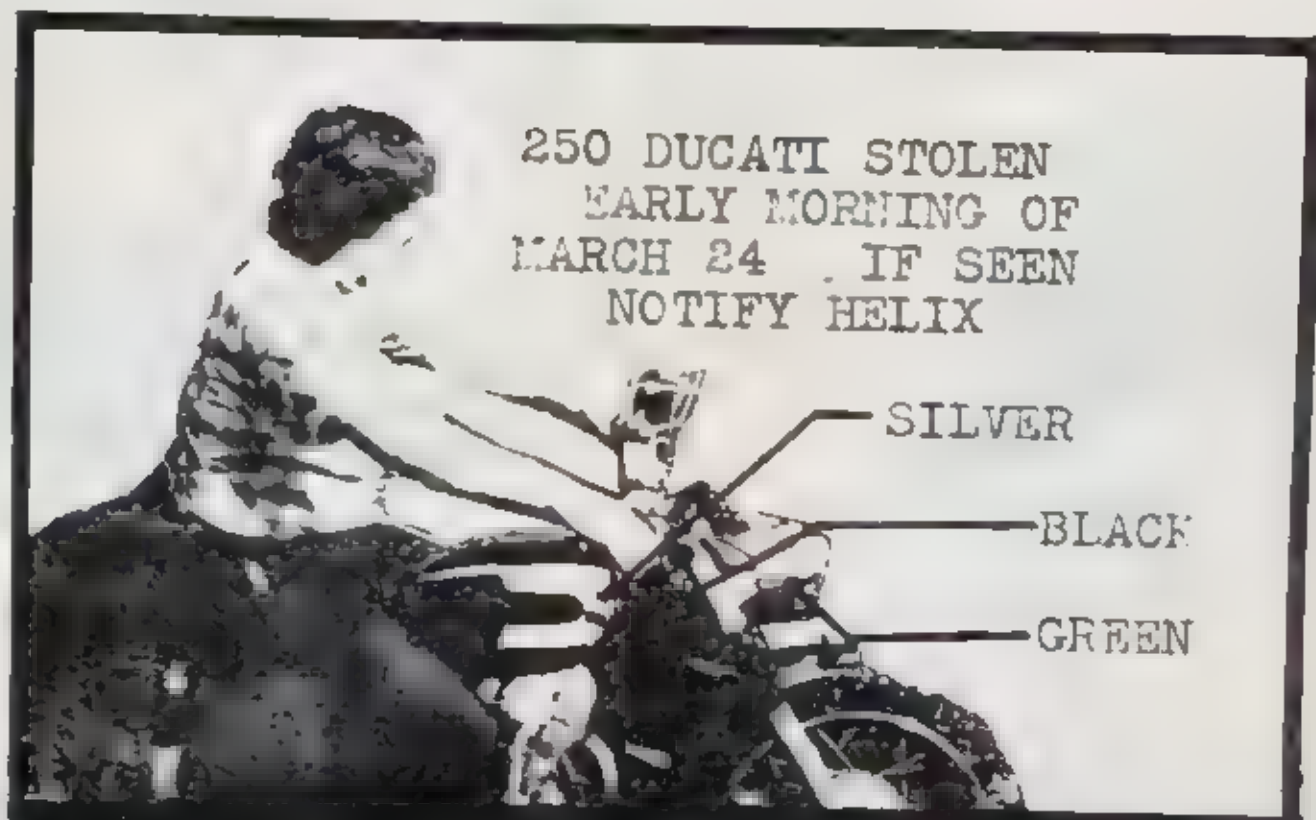


TELEPHONE
BOOK KEY

On Tuesday March 11, 1968 a young dealer traded \$130.00 for a brown paper package presumably a kilogram of marijuana. It was not grass but a telephone book; the burrer pulled a gun and convinced the dealer he was going to buy it anyway. Telephone books are not worth \$130.00.



The heat which is also a definite burn recently has had college students working as undercover agents or informers. Some of these people have volunteered their services, others have been offered money to bust people. The modus operandi has been the purchase of dope with marked money and then immediate arrest. Informers are you aware that the V.C. of C.C. is aware of you?



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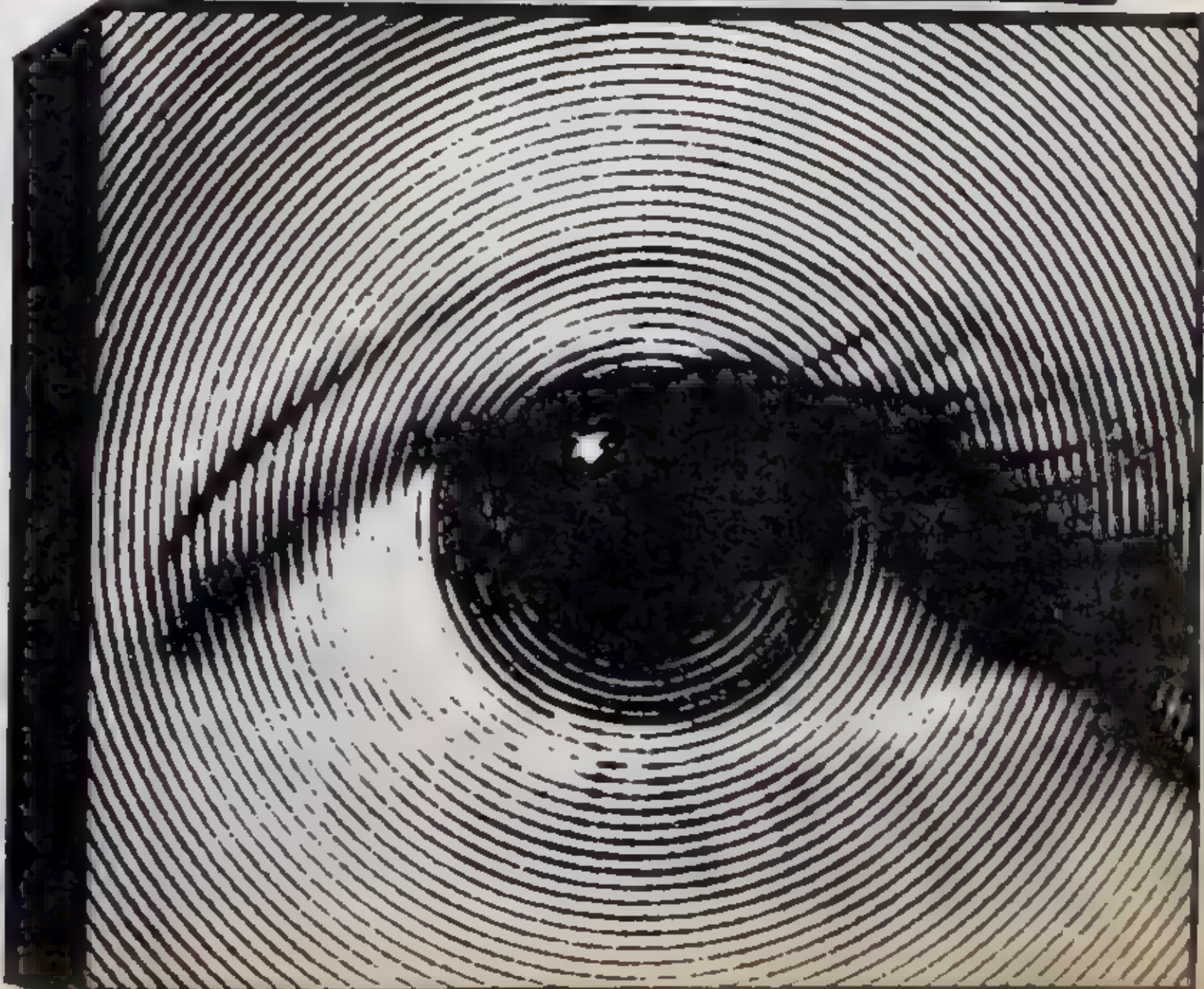
It Happened In Yakima

YAKIMA (JPI) - Two Negro men were observed last week as they chased a cat down an alley in Southeast Yakima.

After cornering the cat and getting a thorough scratching for their trouble, the men lost hold and the feline escaped up the wall of a nearby shack. Obviously terrified, the cat didn't stop until it had reached the roof, scampered across it and into the chimney.

No sooner had the cat disappeared from view amidst the now billowing clouds of soot, than the "hunters" took up positions on the roof around the chimney, waiting for the cat to reappear. All of this took place in broad daylight, with at least three witnesses watching the whole event. The cat did not come back out the chimney, and the "hunters" finally left. One witness made the statement that the men appeared to be "high" on something.

WITCH DOCTOR? - Or just a poor, mixed-up kid? No one can tell by looks alone; the proof comes in the actions, and actions engaged in by many Seattle hippies point to an involvement in witchcraft, either in dead seriousness or "just for kicks."



DUMP TRUCK BABY

JOHN NICK

YOUNG MELANIN-MARCELLUS-MACCABEE WAS A WRITER....

Johnson sucks

...WHO NEVER WROTE LESS THAN THE TRUTH. NOR MORE...
...AS HE KNEW IT.
BUT THERE ARE CONSTRUCTIVE TRUTHS & DESTRUCTIVE TRUTHS & THERE ARE SECRET SERVICE MEN.

NO RIGHT IS ABSOLUTE IF JOHNSON SUCKED ENOUGH ON WED. & THERE WAS A CRISIS ON THURS...

YOUNG MELANIN-MARCELLUS-MACCABEE WAS ARRESTED.

SOME FELT THAT MELANIN WAS UNJUSTLY ARRESTED AND THE PRESIDENT WAS VISITED BY RESPONSIBLE NEGROS

THERE'S GOOD AND BLACK BAD JUST LIKE THERE'S GOOD AND WHITE BLACK

YES! YES!

AND LIBERALS

HE DIDN'T MEAN 'SUCKS', HE NEVER HAD THE OPPORTUNITY TO LEARN HOW TO SPELL NAPALM

AND AFRO-AMERICAN MILITANTS

UNLOOSE HIM, MAN, OR WE REPOSSES THE PEANUT

BUT THE PRESIDENT REFUSED

IT WOULDN'T BE POPULAR

OUTSIDE THE PRISON WALLS, THE FATE OF MMM BECAME A CAUSE CELEBRE. MEETINGS WERE HELD. MICHAEL MCLURE WROTE A POEM OF PROTEST.....

Graaaaaab Cunt powder Korraaat We have only one Rastus & he has to last us A long freeeatome ©McClureEnterprises Inc.

TIL ONE NIGHT A COMMITTEE OF IT ACLU MEMBERS CRAWLED THRU A SEWER AND INTO THE PRISON WHERE THEY RESCUED MARCELLUS-MACCABEE

MMM WAS TAKEN TO A FAR OFF HIDEAWAY AND HIDDEN AWAY

SHOUTING "REMEMBER MMM" REBELS OVERRAN BARRICADES AND CAPTURED CITIES.

THE PRESIDENT RECALLED THE MARINES

...MEAN WHILE MMM WAS TRYING TO ADJUST TO FREEDOM

BUT IF WE LET YOU GO OUTSIDE YOU WOULD BE CAPTURED....

...AND FREEDOM IS THE MOST PRECIOUS THING YOU HAVE

WALLS SUCK

AND MMM CONTINUED TO TELL IT LIKE IT WAS UNTIL ONE DAY.....

la mama chose etc. Politics SUCK

THAT NIGHT, WHILE MMM SLEPT, TWO REVOLUTIONARY LEADERS CREEPT INTO HIS ROOM.....

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE DON'T MISS IT!

by Walt Crowley

THE VIEW FROM THE COFFEE CORAL AS WRITTEN IN THE PIZZA HAVEN

I've been trying to write about the University District for the last week and have never gotten any further than this first sentence. Two deadlines later I've still not made it to the second paragraph and press-time is only twelve hours away - and I haven't drawn the cover yet.

I want to be objective, but I can't divorce myself from the District. Every sentence inevitably begins with I and I find that embarrassing. In attempting to embrace the District I always find it's me that I'm holding.

I could resort to sociological generalities and rap on about alienation and cultural transition and pre-revolutionary stages, but behind every statement lurks that first pronoun and objective analysis dissolves into a mush of sexual fantasy. Objectivity is a sneaky ego.

When I first came to the University District I was still new from Connecticut and hated Seattle very much (I had always thought Seattle was somewhere in Alaska, and still wish it was). As I crossed the Street and walked toward the old, old Eiger (now half of the Arabesque) two weirdo beatniks passed me. Dressed in ragged sweat-shirts and cords, barefoot and smelling like the canals in Venice, California, they were to me the personification of social disease. One pulled a crumpled cigarette from his pants pocket and stuck it in his mouth. The other turned to him and exclaimed, "My God, it looks like a penis after the struggle." As initiations go this first minute in the District was pretty thorough.

Originally I had come to the District in search of fellow pinko-commie-rats and, of course I found them. My experience with local Marxists was probably my greatest disappointment. Their pedantry was a thinly veiled sublimation. Above all most-not all-secretly despised the masses they were supposedly going to lead into the paradise of classless society. I guess there's a little Stalin in all of us.

Beyond politics however, I discovered a great deal that I hadn't anticipated-like the wild and wonderful world of pharmacopaeia.

In the Pamir House I rediscovered drawing I had been in a terrific slump since I'd quit the Boeing art mill. I was sitting in a friend's apartment in the P House when I casually mentioned that I was tired. He replied, "Oh, I've got something to fix that!" In the next six hours I drew a pencil portrait of him, did a painting of a cathedral, filled half a sketch book and went home and wrote a science fiction story. Someday I might finish that story, but like most things begun on speed my enthusiasm evaporated with the come-down.

In that same apartment I also realized my own ego. People insist that one loses the ego on acid, but that's so much BS. My initial reaction was the sudden awareness of my existence as a separate entity-as a little animal creeping through the social underbrush. On acid I think that one returns to a state of sensory innocence. As in Freud's concept of the newborn infant's psychology, the mind on acid does not distinguish between the internal and external environment. The universe becomes an extension of the ego; one senses the outside world kinesiologically. Expanded consciousness is merely a swelled head.

Today the P House is a parking lot.

When I think of the District, above all I remember the innocence, the naivete. Running through my brain are all those joyous speed raps when we would dissect reality and reassemble it in a childish parody of its original form. The District is an exercise in epistemology.

There was Brothers which was great fun until people began taking themselves seriously. And UDM-we were working out our petition stating that the function of business was to provide service. Someone interrupted saying, "But that is an attack against Capitalism!" Everyone, liberals and independents and leftists alike, looked around at each other with sheepish grins and everyone said "Yea!" and laughed together.

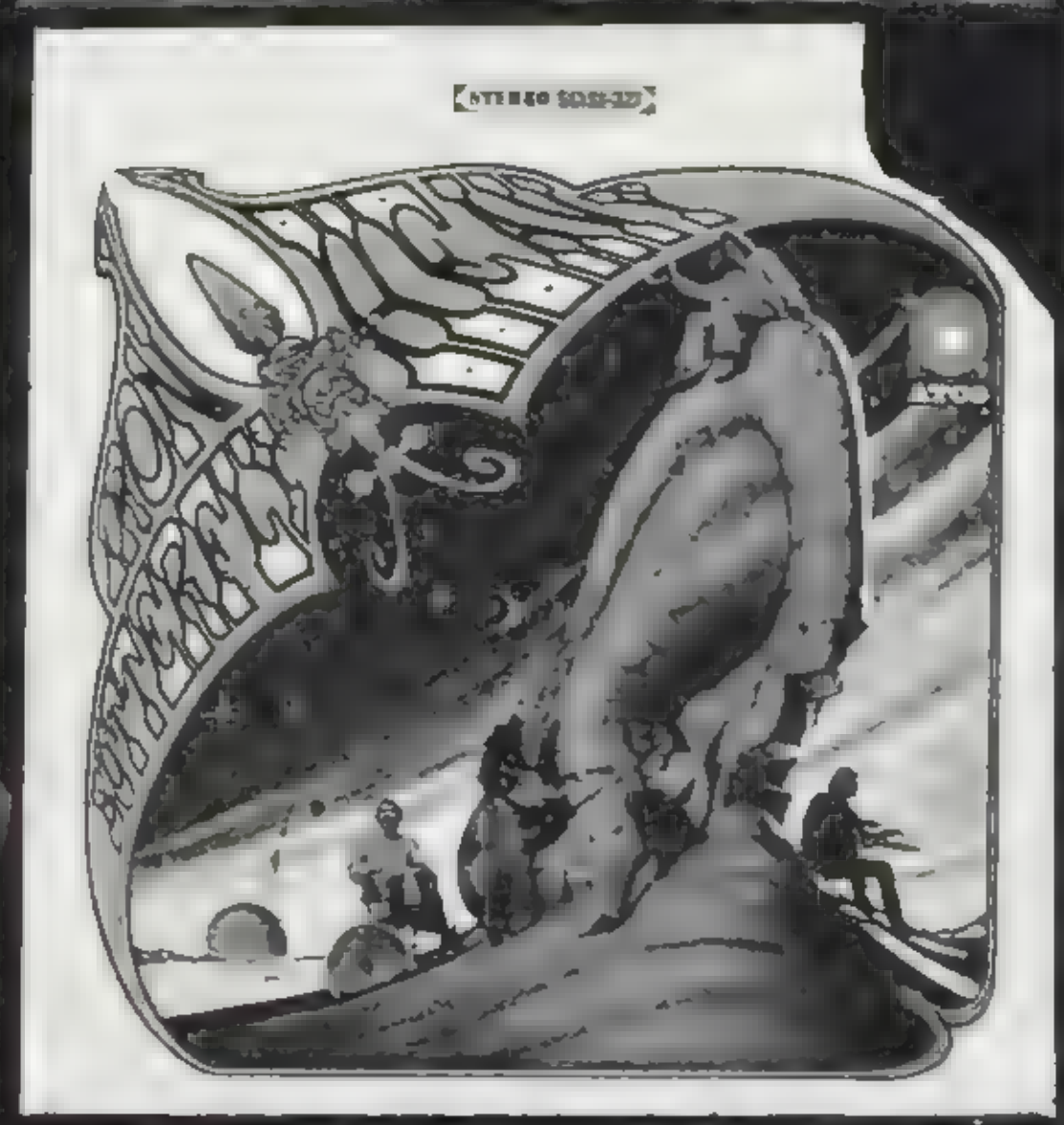
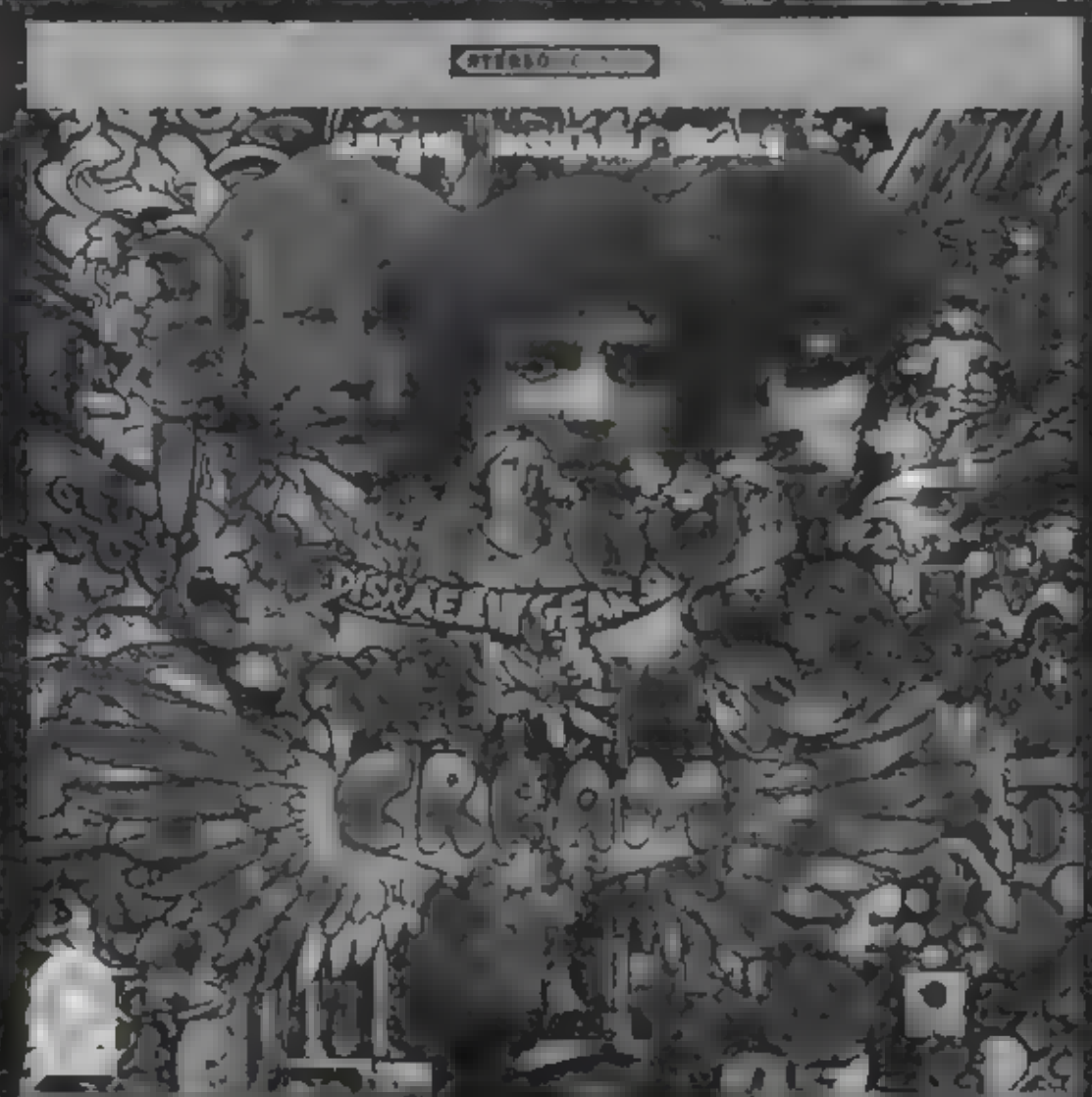
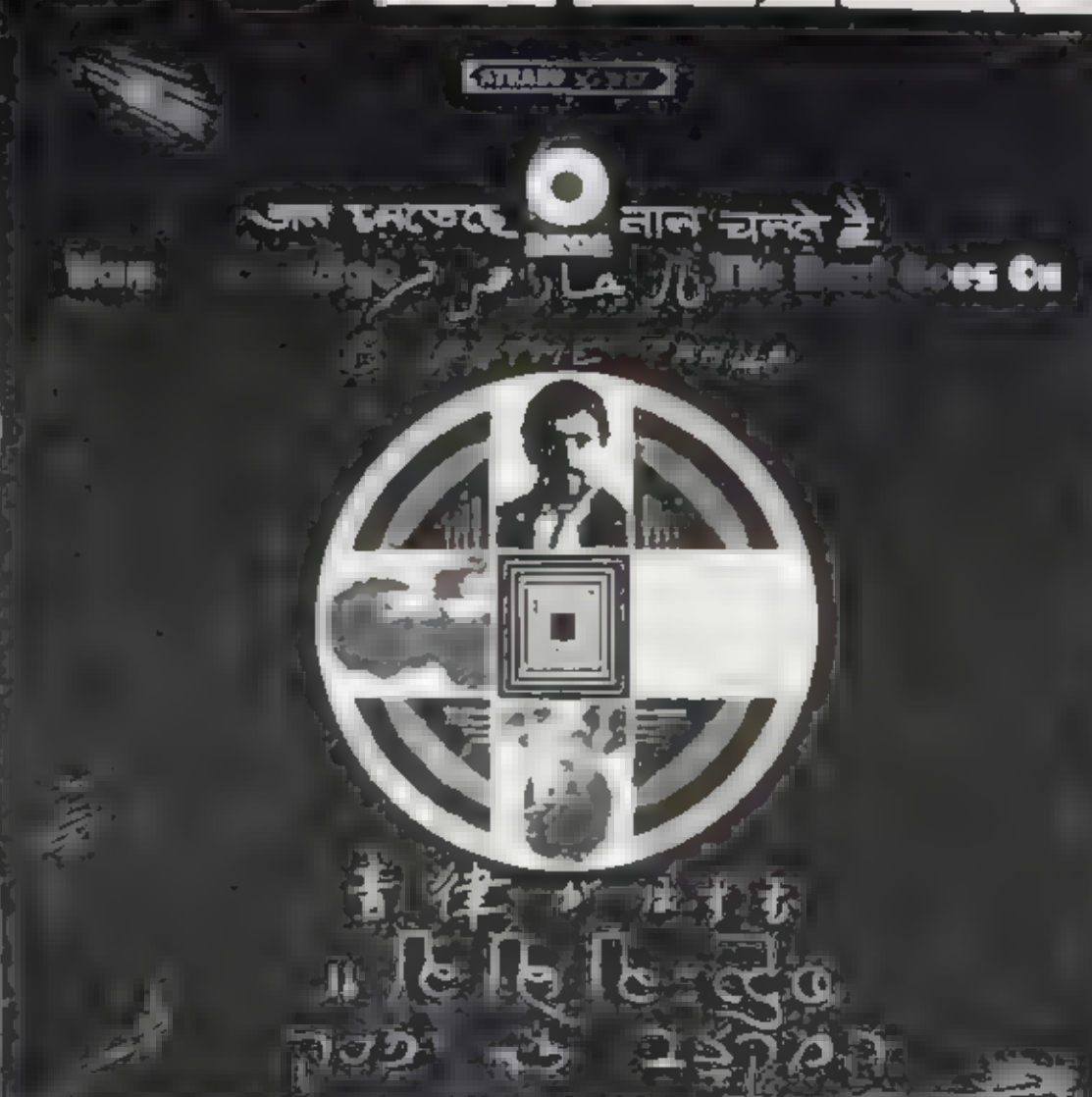
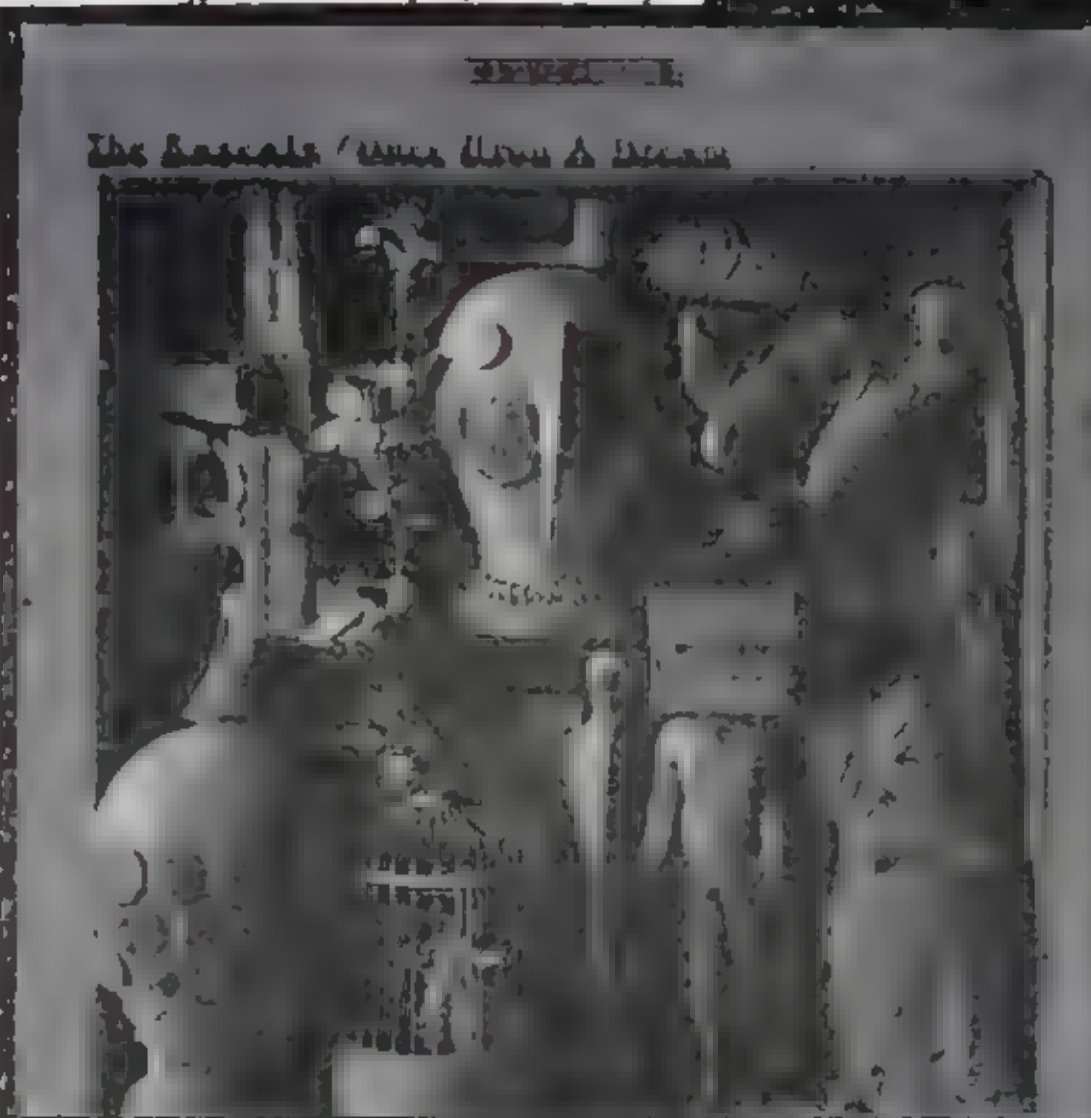
And then there was the Helix. Everyone running around on production night in frenzy, looking for blue pencils and X-acto knives and saying, "Next issue I'll get everything done a week early!" and actually believing it. I would sit in a corner huddled over a half finished cover and looking at my clogged rapidograph and marvel at the fact that someone actually did-up with an "00" point.

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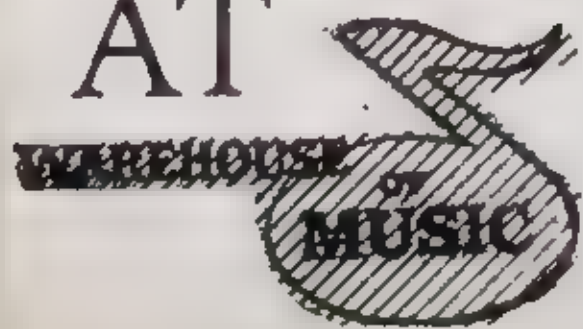
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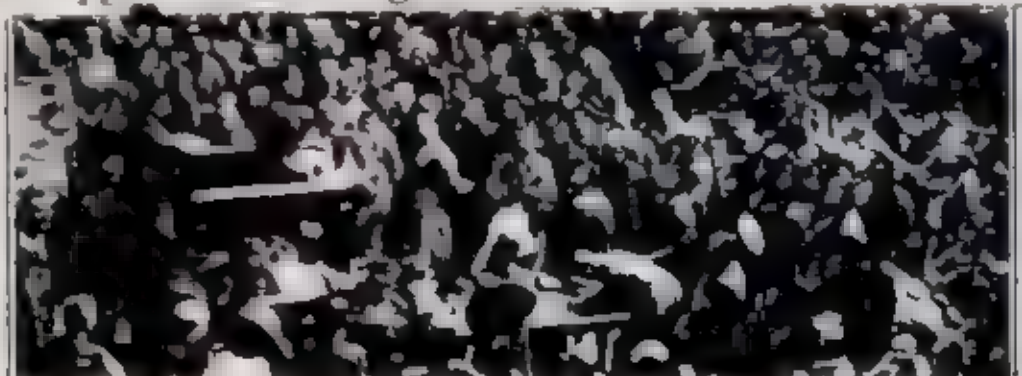
WAREHOUSE

421 PIKE

OF MUSIC

GUERRILLA SINGERS

Writing in the May 25, 1965 issue of *Spider* magazine (Berkeley), Charles Bordin opened a new branch of radical scholarship with his seminal essay "On the Question of Revisionism in the Workers and Peasant's Music: Some Implications for the Revolutionary Party, Party, Bo-Barty." Seeking to test Bordin's analytic method, I have chosen here to discuss the recent appearance of the all-white psychedelic rock-group as an index of certain reactionary tendencies in our society and as a cautionary example to those who would take the capitalist road. The method, it will become apparent, is proto-psychoanalytico-crypto-cunilinguistic.



Considering the fons et origo of white acid-rock, the Beatles. Bourgeois scholars generally interpret the name "Beatles" as deriving from "the Crickets," the late Buddy Holly's group of the middle Fifties; they suppose it to be associated simply with "Beat" and "Beatitude." Correct analysis shows, however, that in practice the name is pronounced "Beadles," and "beadle" is a British term (the Beatles are British) for a minor church official; in fact, Webster's New World Dictionary defines "beadledom" as "petty bureaucracy." In other words, the group's name unconsciously betrays its true political leanings, in this case toward Revisionism. A fine example of Revisionism's tendency to turn into Reaction is provided by the Monkees, a group which "apes" the Beatles and is widely recognized as a shoddy Madison Avenue product. "Monkees" is a disguised form of "Monks," who are, like beadles, associated with religion. Moreover, "Monkey-on-the-back" is slang for drug-addiction: no objective scholar can fail to recognize here an unwitting recognition by the forces of Reaction that religion is an opiate of the masses (Cf. "Kick the habit").

Since the rise of the Beatles, other groups have appeared which have proved to be less concerned about concealing their reactionary leanings. The "Grateful Dead," for example, is favored by those who would rather be Dead than Red. "Moby Grape" proclaims an outright slander on the struggle of California agricultural workers against the monopoly of the grape-growers: the workers are denounced as a "Mob." The "Kinks" achieved popularity with their song "A Well-Respected Man," which seems to satirize the apathetic middle-classes. Correct analysis shows, however, that the letter 'K' is equidistant in the alphabet (by four letters) from the letters 'F' and 'P.' In other words, "Kinks" is a merging of "Finks" and "Pinks": seen in its true light, their satire can be recognized as the work of agents provocateurs, a piece of dangerous inflammatory writing designed to disrupt the smooth organizing of cadres in the suburbs. Two right-wing groups which openly trumpet their crimes are the elitist "Cream" and the vigilantist "Paul Revere and the Raiders."

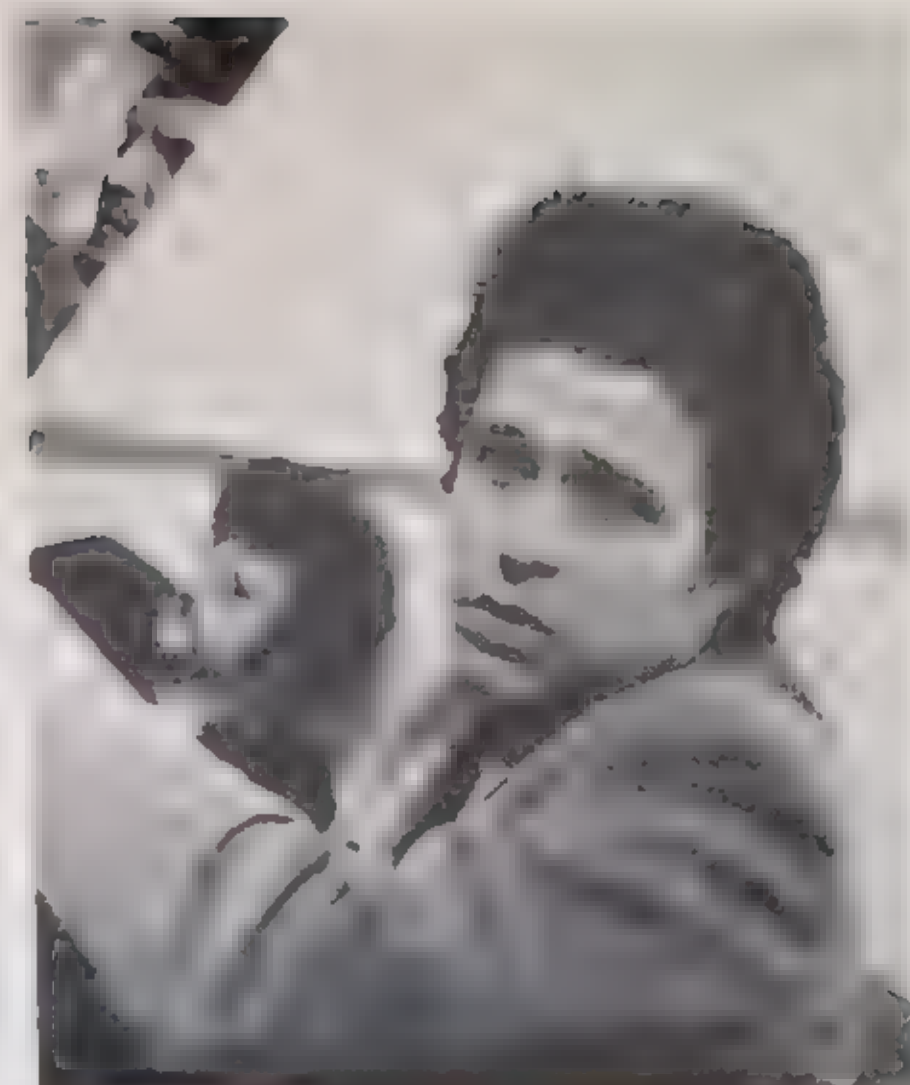
While friends of the future classless society will, no doubt, welcome this tendency of the enemy

to reveal himself clearly, we must beware those groups which deliberately blur the line between Progress and Reaction, hoping to attract maximum support from all sides. "Big Brother and the Holding Company" is a good example of this duplicity, for the two terms in the name cannot be reconciled. From one point of view, "Big Brother" is the national leader of emerging anti-colonial revolutions, and as such his name should not be associated with a holding company, one of those nefarious capitalist institutions whose sole purpose is to conceal from the people the true nature of monopoly capital. On the other hand, "Big Brother" may refer to some chief of secret police, in which case his name should not be associated with a holding company, since to be "holding" means to possess marijuana or other drugs, and there are some who regard drugs as an instrument for building revolutionary consciousness. In any event, it is clear that this group is in league with the running dogs of wall Street who always stand to profit from the political confusion of the masses. Another dangerous rock-band in this ambiguous category is "The Mothers of Invention." As we all know from Engels' *Anti-Dühring*, Necessity (the mother of invention) is "blind only insofar as it is not understood": the danger is that we may mistake "The Mothers of Invention" for a revolutionary group dedicated to the study of historical materialism and the education of the masses. The group's true nature, however, is revealed by these facts: (a) their



leader is Frank Zappa ("Zapp" is Marine slang which describes the act of murdering an NLF freedom fighter), (b) their sex-idol is Suzy Creamcheese (probably a defense of Israeli imperialism), and (c) their latest album is entitled "We're Only in it for the Money."

Having disposed of the Reactionaries and the Revisionists, we may consider the Liberal groups. Some, like "Jefferson Airplane," seek the Liberal fusion of American bourgeois democracy and technology controlled by monopoly capitalism. Others, like the "Loving Spoonful," proclaim the virtues of the Welfare State with its meager doles and its pious profession of "love" for the oppressed classes. Like most Liberal groups, the "Rolling Stones" gather no moss—that is, they have no grass roots support among the masses. While outside the category of "psychedelic rock," the Righteous Brothe are an instruc-



tive example of the now defunct liberal Civil Rights Movement. As their name suggests, these righteous white liberals were, for a time, played on black radio stations; with the coming of Black Power, however, they were displaced and could only wail "You've Lost that Lovin' Feeling" to the black masses who were turning to the race-pride of such songs as Aretha Franklin's "Respect."

Of all the white rock-groups currently popular in America, there is only one which, in my view, deserves the name Radical: "Country Joe and the Fish." The emphasis on "country," of course, at once reveals the thought of Chairman Mao who clearly saw that the peasants are the true agents of revolution in the underdeveloped countries. "Joe" may refer to Joe Stalin, himself a peasant, or to Joe Hill, who was, like "Country Joe," a composer of the masses. "Joe" is also a generic term for the common man, as in "an everyday Joe," "an ordinary Joe," and as such is much like the Spanish "Che." "The Fish" clearly refers to the guerrillas generally, for guerillas, in Chairman Mao's famous simile, move among the people as fish in water. The group openly proclaims its radicalism: they have recorded anti-imperialist songs and their second album portrays them in guerrilla attire. These outward signs, however, are not always reliable, as much of the above analysis shows. The real proof of their radicalism shows up only after a study in detail: their most subtle attack on Revisionism which validates their open attacks on naked Reaction. Mr. Bordin, whose article was referred to at the outset, has demonstrated that the name "Marsha" is but a distortion of the name "Marx," and I am certain that careful study will show that "Martha" is also a variant on "Marx": it seems clear, then, that "Martha Lorraine" can only refer to "Marxist Leninist," and the entire song is about a corrupt, or "not so sweet" Marxist-Leninist. The key is found in this line: "And you know when you look into her eyes/ All she's learned she's had to memorize."

In other words, a corrupt revolutionary is one whose theory is derived from books rather than from practice. Let would-be radical professionals take this warning to heart, lest they become like a certain Professor of History who, when asked to relate his whereabouts on a given night in 1968, replied, "I'm sorry, that's not my period."



The ACLU Pot Test Benefit resembled an old OCS dance except that there were five times as many people and three times as little dancing. But the dancing has stopped almost everywhere now that the Rock-Eye-Ear demands subtlety enough for bottoms down dancing. Perhaps the most desirable part of the benefit was "the good time had by all," that is, it was an incredibly hip audience; again, like an old OCS dance. Phil Ocs showed up Country Weather was very fine. And after \$1000 expenses the ACLU still managed to pick up \$5300 from the 2500 and over paid donation. On the 21st of April a local underground newspaper and a local FM station will something similar.

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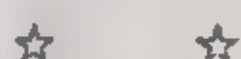
Is LBJ a phony, saint or moron?

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Satisfied?

19

American culture has remarkable absorptive powers. Like an amoeba, it embraces change after change, and, in killing, converts to its own substance. There is much talk now about Revolution, politically in connection with the New Left, socially and morally (as well as aesthetically) in connection with the "Hippies." And so a new fad has come about. Long hair? Revolution? Underground presses? Communes? Pot? Wow (as the Smothers Brother's Hippy girl says), we can get it all in. And everybody in sight leaps in to get in on the cash. The Smothers Brothers are suddenly Heads; Rowan and Martin have a "Laugh-In," and make cute references to Pot; Psychedelic Paraphernalia Shops spring up everywhere (see the Want Ads of this paper). Magazines designed for our "mod, mad" world are spawned every day.

Recall the good old days of the Beats. During that fad, an exclusive shop in San Francisco offered "Beat Costumes" (for under \$100) featuring ready-made frayed, off color Blue Jeans and optional paint splashes (in decorator colors). The Beat became a standard figure in our National Mythology, and now he has been joined by the equally mythological Hippy. It doesn't seem to matter how little relation there is to the truth, or how shoddy the imitation is. Hopefully the public won't notice. And mostly they don't. The street scene on the Avenue shows the success of this particular PR job.

I was greeted on awakening this morning by a further manifestation of this unhappy phenomenon-- Volume 1, Number 1 of a slick, Pepsi-Generation Magazine. It is called Avant-Garde. It isn't-- unless our norm is the Post-Intelligencer or the Seattle Times. It is the latest product of Ralph Ginzburg, and so the quality of the work is hardly a surprise (the ads were also a pretty good indication of what was to come: see the selection of those, along with some from other "underground" magazines, which accompany this review).

The magazine is, however, slick, professional, and the art work is beautiful. The cover (also reproduced here) is a good example of the slickness--and the phoneyess. Please not the Indian. And could those letters add up to "Love?" "We're all socialists now" as Bismark once remarked.

The artist of the cover painting is Richard Lindner, whose work is also represented in a beautifully reproduced center spread. The editors tell us that Mr. Lindner is the "Rubens of the Love Generation (sic)", and I wonder why. His women are large and well-endowed, but the hardness, the brittleness, and the suggestion of an obsession of Women Dressed in Leather and Spiked Heels are hardly Ruben's "bag." But, even worse, why the Love Generation? Is the fact that he is still alive (and 67 years old) qualify him?

But enough carping. What about the articles? Examination of a few will reveal the general level. The first is a long discussion of Richard Nixon--really controversial stuff. It is what would be called on the TV networks a "probing, depth analysis" of Tricky Dicky, and reveals to us, incredibly enough, that Nixon is unscrupulous, opportunistic, without firm principle, and hypocritical. And not very bright (his excellent performance in college and Law School is explained away as the result of his being a harmless drudge). Really hard hitting journalism. Further, there is an inquiry into Nixon's Motivations (the article is entitled "What Makes Nixon Run" and that tells us a lot about this magazine). It's not enough to know that he's a swine, we also need to know why. The answer? He's "emulating his father," who married above himself and then muffed an opportunity to get rich, and never forgave himself. So much for depth analysis.

Another article is on the Fugs. Martin Cohen, the author, tells us that as musicians the Fugs are not "distinguishable from...a dozen other well known electronic storm-troupes, like the Jefferson Airplane, Lovin' Spoonful, Grateful Dead, or Mothers of Invention!" That makes his ability somewhat suspect. (Actually this sort of thing is not untypical of what can be called Band Wagon Rock Criticism. Recently in Cheetah, another winner in "new magazine" circles, in the course of a review of the Procol Harum record, a passage in "Repent Walpurgis" is characterized as "Chopinesque." The passage is from a Bach Prelude. Where do they get these people?) However, the article is not all bad, and is fairly informative about the individual Fugs.

There is a picture spread on a Hippy Commune in the East Village. It shows us what we have come to expect from the mass media -- dirt, overcrowding,

AVANT GARDE



public sex, and profound remarks scribbled on the walls (Sex on LSD is fun -- how's that for understatement). Richard Fairfield of Tufts University, apparently a sociologist, tells us that "if this hippy life-style continues to grow at its present rate, marriage and family life will be obsolete in America by the 21st Century." Another jewel from Sociology.

One article, by Professor L. Eric Hotaling (who?), is about our "most overworked four letter word." Not surprisingly, the word is -- not "love" -- but "fuck." Since "fuck" is overworked, Professor Hotaling is tired of it (the word, that is), and advocates "retiring" it. Also, he feels that, due to various factors, the word has become "ambiguous", and in utterances such as "The fucking fucker fucked" (my example, taken from an answer given to a question made by Field Marshall Montgomery, "What's wrong with your tank, Sergeant?"), as he says "the possibilities for misunderstanding are endless." Prof. Hotaling does not consider the possibly interesting suggestion that the way the term is used ("Fuck you, Jack") may reveal something about our diseased sexual attitudes. Why is an article like this written? Is at least one occurrence of "fuck" mandatory in Ginzburg's works?

A full page announcement tells us that this magazine is just more of the same old nothing new thinly disguised in the hope of a profit. It (and its editor) is a shuck.

As you might expect, we at Avant-Garde have found it neither easy nor profitable to reach potential subscribers through the mass media. A potential subscriber to Avant-Garde must be open-minded, literate, and somewhat unconventional. In short, he must be the kind of individual who cannot be reached economically through ads in, say, Reader's Digest.

On the other hand, we know that the kind of individual who reads Avant-Garde tends to associate with his peers. Therefore, we believe that you, an Avant-Garde subscriber, must be able to afford your friends, a acquaintance, and your fellow colleagues, at least one potential subscriber to Avant-Garde. And to persuade you to do this, we are offering you the following offer:

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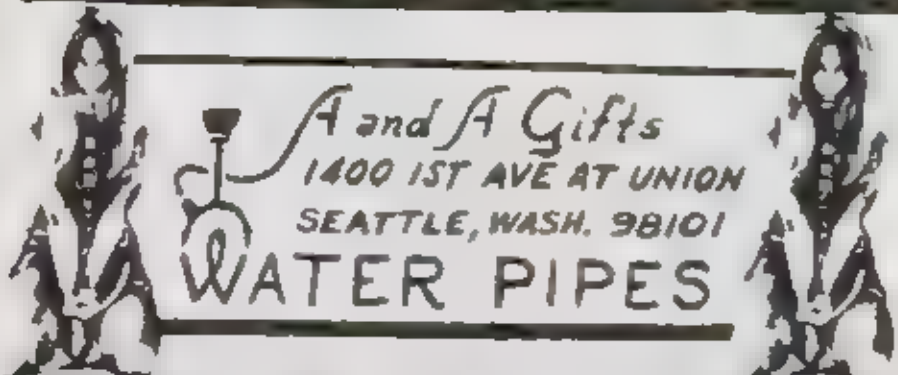
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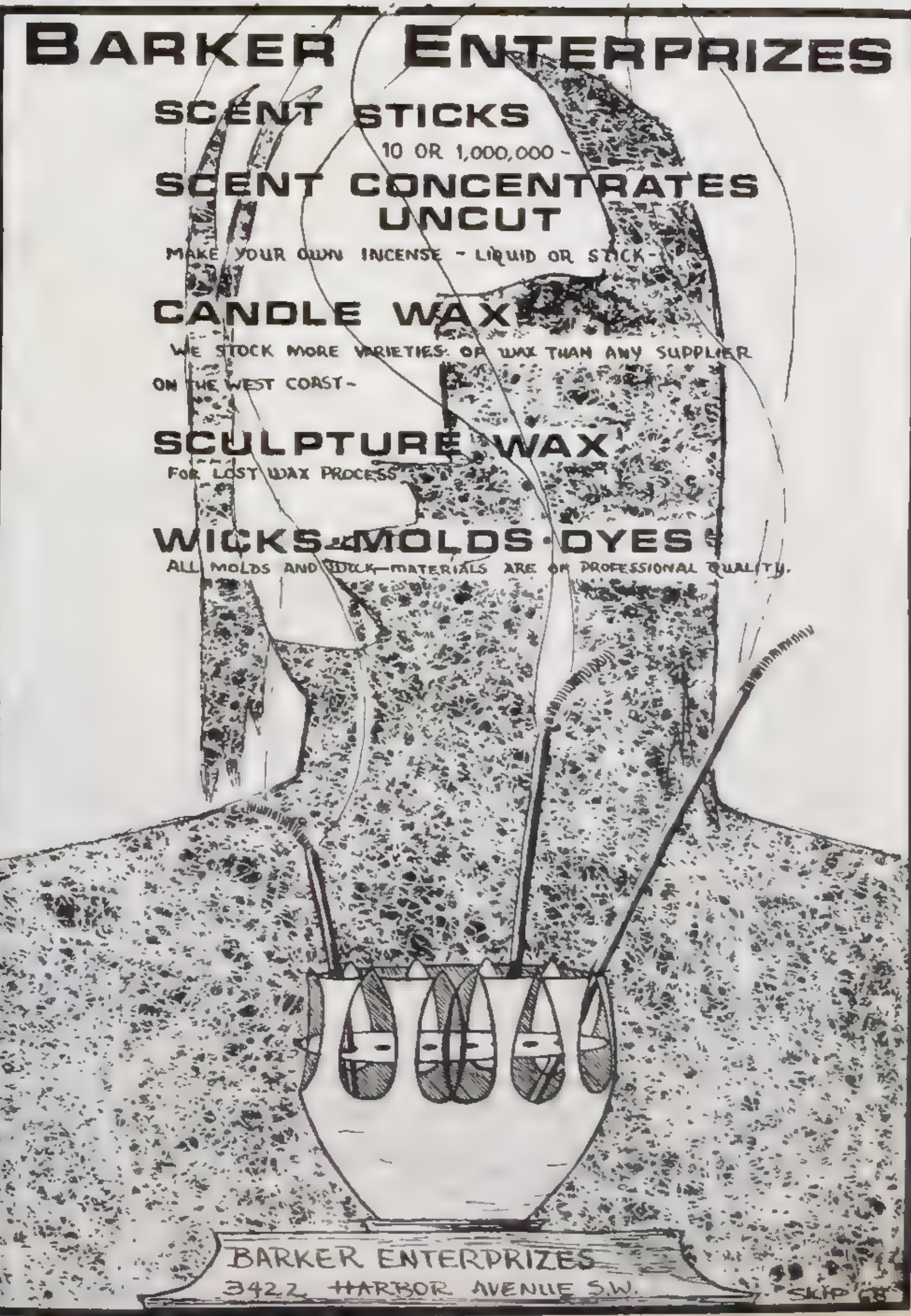
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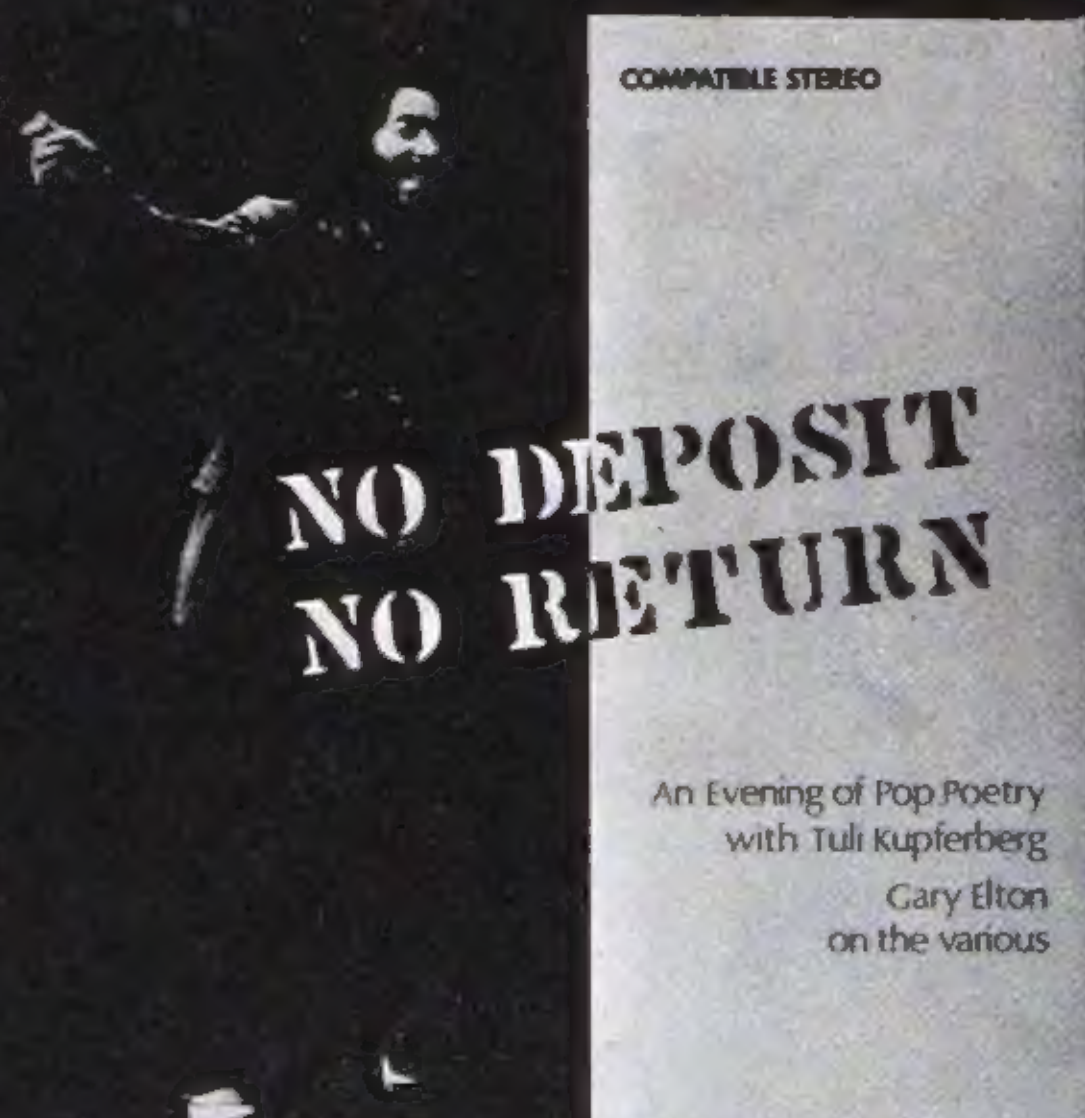
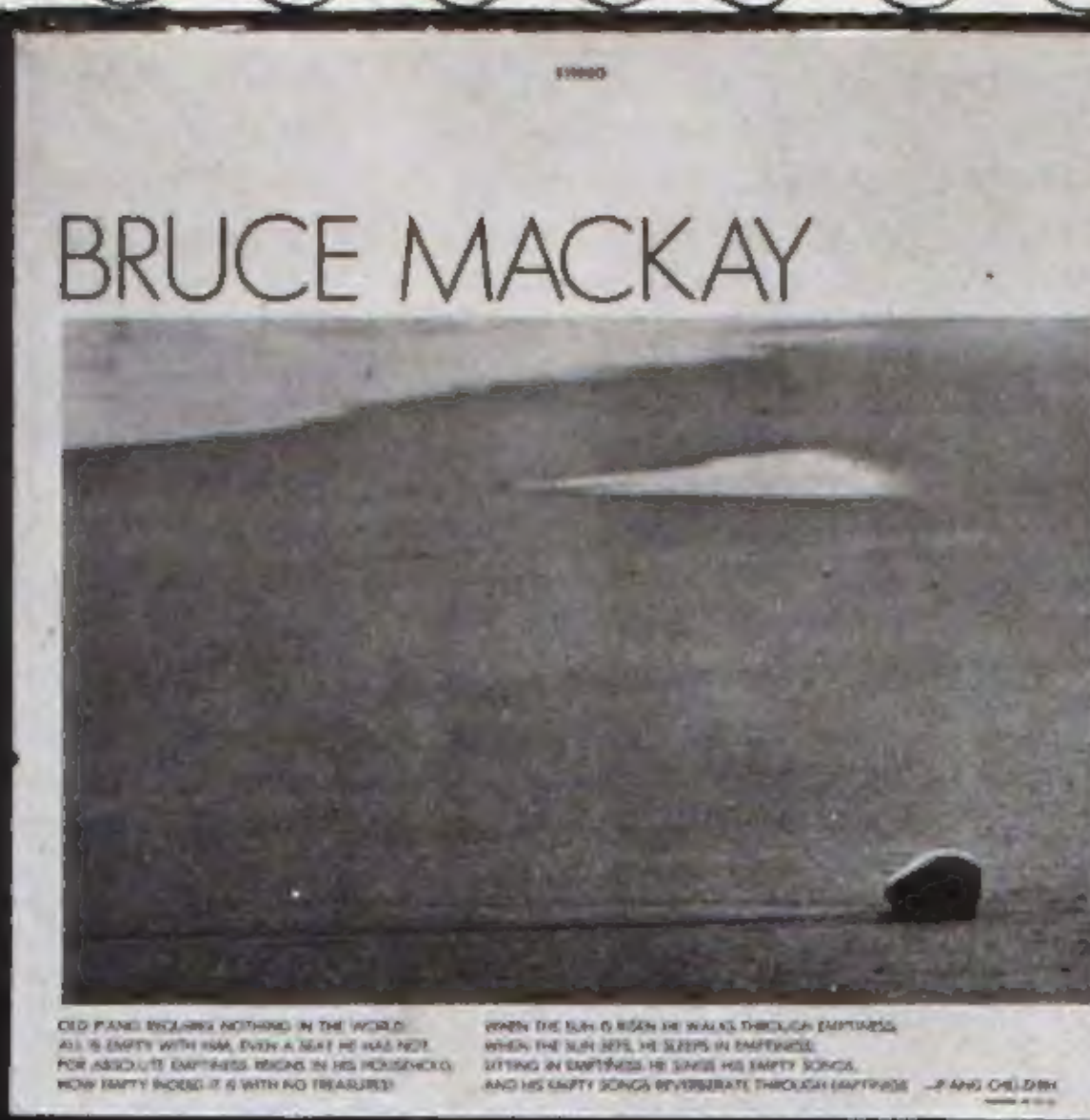
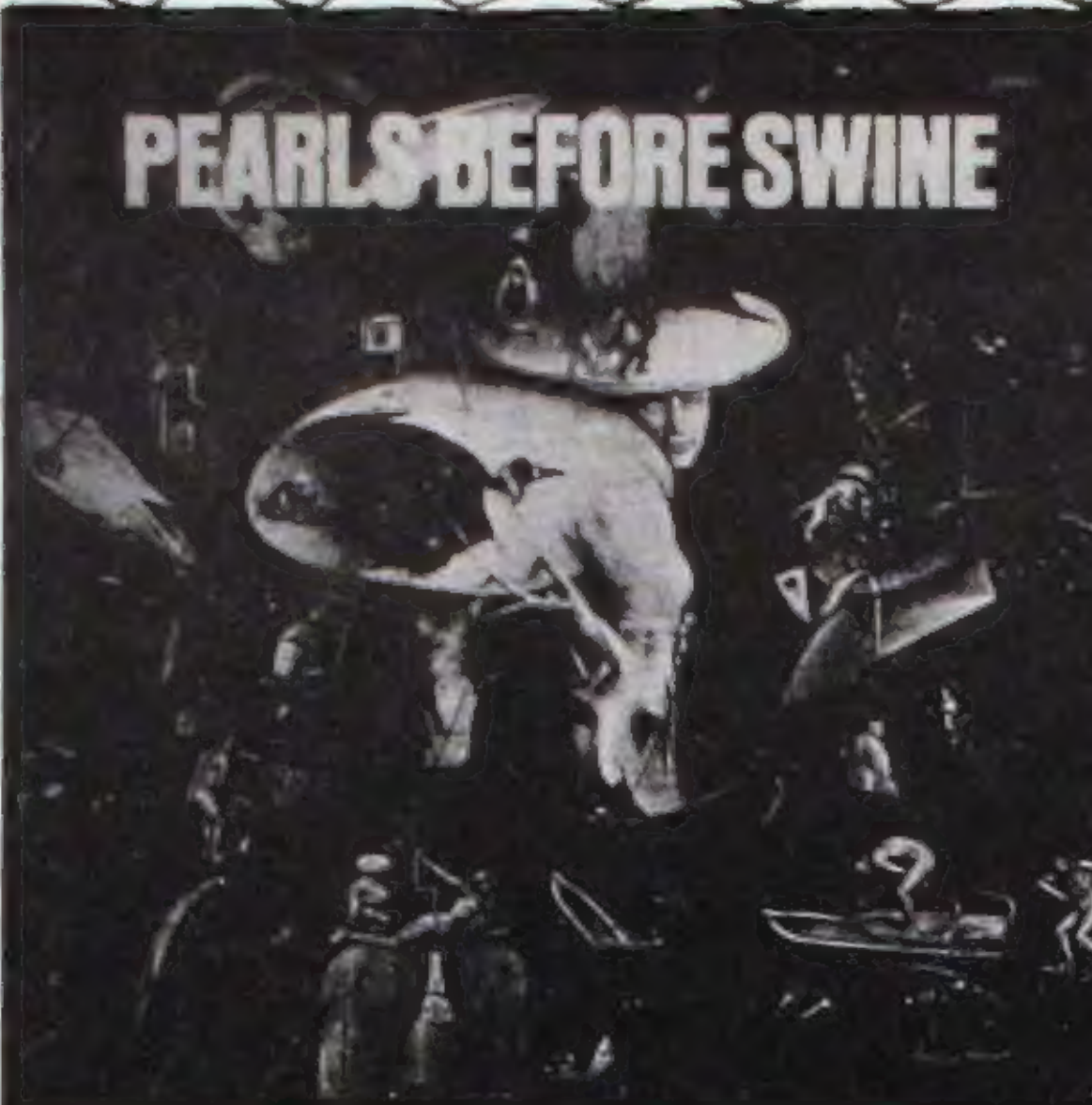
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LETTERS

To the Editors, HELIX--

The October days of protest have come and gone, long gone; months and months of organizing and promoting resulted in a very small handful of people shouting meaningless slogans at a cement wall. The original purpose, disaffiliating ourselves from the Selective Slavery System by burning, returning, or otherwise removing ourselves from, draft cards resulted in the public destruction of four registration and classification cards. The only actions of any note that day were the arrests of Irwin Hogenauer and six other pacifists who sat in at the Ministry of Love (909-1st Avenue, Room 150, in case you wish to visit your public servants.)

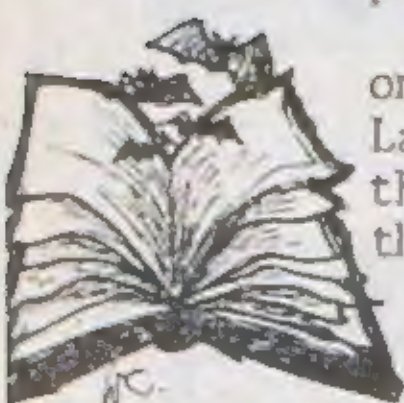
Now talk is of April 27th and indeed there is even a Seattle Committee for the April Days of Protest hidden somewhere in the smoggy mist. In Vancouver buttons are appearing with the slogan April 3rd. Inquiries as to the significance of that day brought replies like "The beginning of the second American Civil War." Yipppeeee!

So they talk of this, and they talk of that. And sometimes the other. Peace demonstrations in Seattle have always showed a remarkable lack of potency. A motley crew assembles to display Cardboard Cowardice by carrying picket signs with limp slogans like "Draft LBJ" or "Hell No, Don't Go". Weird scenes inside the museum, with our cardboard cowards cringing against walls, showing a conditioned response (salivation?) at the sight of a blue uniform or tin badge, and always constant paramoia about the fbi, cid, cia, fuc.

April 27th approaches. April 3rd passes. No one knows, no one cares. Babies are napalmed to death 24 hours a day in Viet Land and we in Seattle feel nothing, say nothing, and do nothing. April 27th is the day of truth. Will Seattle rise to the occasion, or again lay limp and very very impotent?

APRIL 27th!

--Ed Hassler



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22

FORBUDT, herein lies the onus, From the nexus nether pulpy pith nut or armored nothing Me, voice from the busy void, bids greeting...waking to another scaly day and the photon eyes of Dee Eyes. They tell me I talked in my sleep last night. But what they couldn't understand and maybe a different language, huh? (from the middle whirls of a glowing spitshine youngeyes up) Tried French on them but they testified a different sound, lazier and less polite.

Could be considering my dream of standing under the Montlake bridge, no water, floor of the Cut become savannah marsh Everglade land but ever so carefully trimmed. And all around in that OtherSeattle skyscrapers tripping and falling Mingbirdcage smash almost to shards, almost to my feet, almost too slowly, almost two bounces apiece. And creatures there were of dawdling vibration and they were maybe shot from my groin. Strangecow, that, who became almost a woman almost fullcow and I fucked it in doubt. MotherImage? MilkNeed? Ruminant identification? But also unicornish manticorish griffin skipdizzies fading in and out. And busy about fluctuation. Didn't screw'em though. Everything eventually puddled away bloody and I at the stem of my cowwoman oh! pardoning thou bleeding pieces of earth one hand rhetorical and the other steady flank cum buttock. The sounds of the building sploinkcrushed before they struck. And people bitch bitch about right language.

In my platoon is a 17 year old Regular Army private who signed up but didn't know about choosing schools. He's shaped roughly like a penlite. He cries quietly constantly flattragedy because he goes straightleg infantry. He's never read a book. He quit school because his thing is plastic hotrod models and jawbreakers and laughing at people who fall down. When he sleeps he looks like a new-hatched bird who's just been gassed.

Limbo swim I not knowing my fate, not even telling is one of their games and I might be general discharged or desk-jobbed. No one will say. I think a cog has slipped someplace. But training film says to gildedge... Never fear. Although even your CO might not know, somewhere somehow, someone in the Chain of Command hanging from the President's paunch knows. Much be a groovy act: knowing. And if it weren't for the Army THEY would be here raping our daughters and doing Cossack jumpsquat dances on Grandma's church and trapping our white lambs even though Judy's got her anyway and taking away always that slant eyed unimaginable room for jello. Build your thermos with cane and cling to your cork. Else they T*H*E*Y will creep communistically into your little space. 9 on the paranoidometer.

So, old Harv. best to you and to Pat and other of the free spirits and the sane insane. Oh for the day and glee of outside orating to the firmament and sssssshh the beautiful noise.

Pvt. JC

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LOST ONE PARACHUTE

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of a breathing, pulsing huge cloud of white? To dance with it is to hold the moon by the edge and someone stole it at Eagles last Sunday nite from the Sawyer family. The children brought it for the joy it gives-it's used at the Free U. in the movement class-it would have gone to Volunteer Park for love ins-it made a wonderful soft cave for a 3 years old and her family of bears. Please return it, (we'll share it with you again) to Helix or Free U - no questions asked.

Colorful shirts made. Judy Izen BA 2-3540.

Love at midnight. Midnight Movers. Infinite Sole.



ART

U. Unitarian Fine Art Gallery-American Indian Arts and Crafts 6556 - 35th Ave NE weekdays 9-5.

Seligman Gallery-Claire Falkenstein, Sculpture. Mar 15-April 2, April, honefully PLASTICS WEST COAST (Just one word young man, PLASTICS) Tues, Wed, Sat 11-4, Thurs 1-9PM. 3727 University Way.

Gordon Woodside Gallery-Louis Bunce, Paintings. 803 E Union, Thru April 6 Tues-Sun noon to 6.

PM Gallery-R Bert Garner, paintings, and Robert Teente, sculpture Thru April 10, 101 - 14th Ave E. Sun-Thurs 6-10 PM.

Seattle Art Museum, Seattle Center-WEST COAST NOW thru April 21, Tues thru Sat 12 AM-5PM, Fri 10-9PM, Sun noon-5PM.

Henry Gallery-UM Campus. Contemporary paintings, prints and three-dimensionals from the private collection of Charles Cowles, publisher of Art Forum Magazine, through April 14. Work by Arlo Acton, Andy Warhol, Robert Hudson, Robert Rauschenberg, Jasper Johns, Ken Price, Nathan Oliveira, Tony de Lap, Mel Ramos, James Dine, Joe Goode and Bruce Connor. 10 am-5 pm Monday through Sat. (except 10 am-10 pm Thursday), and 1-5 pm Sunday.

STRONGER THAN DIRT, guerrilla theater event by Tom Robbins, featuring Pat Brady and the Shazam Society Dancers, will be an open-to-the-public happening in Current Editions, art gallery, 311 1/2 Occidental Ave S., 7:30 pm March 29 Admission free.

Northwest Craft Center-West side of International Fountain. Open daily (except Mon.) 11-6. One-man show of sculpture, bronzes and drawings Michael R Johnson.

FILMS

ELVIRA MADIGAN - Varsity Theatre 4329 University Way NE
CHARLIE BUBBLES - Untown Theatre 511 Queen Anne Ave N.
BONNIE AND CLYDE - 7th Ave Theatre, 7th and Olive.
THE FOX - Coming soon to Town.
ULYSSES - Ridgmont Theatre, 7720 Greenwood N.

Series Tickets available at HUB or Office of Lectures and Concerts now for MASTERPIECES OF FRENCH CINEMA. Clair, Godard, Truffaut, Resnais, Renoir, Clement, Carne, Becker. \$4 students, \$6 others, Tuesdays April 2, May 21 3:30 HUB, 8 Health Sciences.

MALCOLM X - Struggle for Freedom - Malcolm speaking to African students in Paris, France. Friday April 5, 8:00 PM Militant Forum 5257 University Way NE Seattle; Wn.

LECTURES

Dr. Ralph Tyler, "National Assessment of Educational Progress: Resource or Restrict?" April 7 8:00 pm Health Sciences Aud.

Debbie Leonard, SVP candidate for U.S. Senate will speak on The Crisis in the Democratic Party-LBJ, Kennedy and McCarthy. Friday, March 29, 8 PM Militant Forum, 5257 University Way

Benefit Lecture to aid Conscientious Objectors John Chambliss, Prof. of Philosophy will speak on "Love and the Hippies" Tues. April 2, 8 PM, 4001 9th Ave. NE. Donation 50¢ Sponsored by University Friends Meeting for Sufferings

DRAMA

All the Way Home, by Tad Mosel, from James Agee's Pulitzer Prize novel, Director's Studio Fridays and Saturdays March 22 through April 6, Piccoli Theater, Seattle Center. Curtain time: 8:30 p.m. Admission: \$2; students, \$1.50.

The Torch-Bearers--the Attic Players, opens March 29 and continues Fridays and Saturdays through April 13; directed by Brian Thompson in the Attic Theater, fourth floor, Food Circus Bldg (north entrance) Seattle Center. Curtain time 8p.m. Admission: \$1.

The Ensemble Theater-107 Occidental Ave. S. Birdbath and Holloween by Leonard Melfi. Fridays and Saturdays through April 13. Curtain time 8:30 p.m. Admission: \$2.00

Tartuffe, Performed by the Treteau De Paris Moore Theatre, March 30, 8 p.m. \$3, students \$2.

SCHMERTZ cont. fm p 15

But now I just sit over a cup of tepid Pizza Haven Ersatz Kaffee, thoroughly disillusioned with the newest crop of teeny boppers, remembering when I knew that everyone was with us, when I knew that everyone was with us

When I knew that everyone was against us, when I knew that everyone was with us or when I knew no one.

The District is not a place on a map, nor is it just a sociological phenomenon. The District is a peculiar form of reality that dwells in the nether world of the mind, it is indeed a psychedelic experience and I think it is a very capricious lover.

Walking on the Ave or sitting in the Haven or Coffee Corral or alone in my room, I more and more understand what a friend meant when, surveying the Ave, he declared, "What are these people doing in my living room!?"

FESTIVAL of FOOLS

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Thuh Nu Earthly Sownd-25, the CHESS, Indian Puddin' and Pipe, Mike Atwood, West Coast Natural Gas, and others.

FESTUM STULTORUM:
Origins to Roman Saturnalia;
Banned for heresy during Middle Ages.

To be held this year on April 1 from High Noon to 2 A.M. at San Francisco Sound 12th & Pike (old Encore Ballroom)

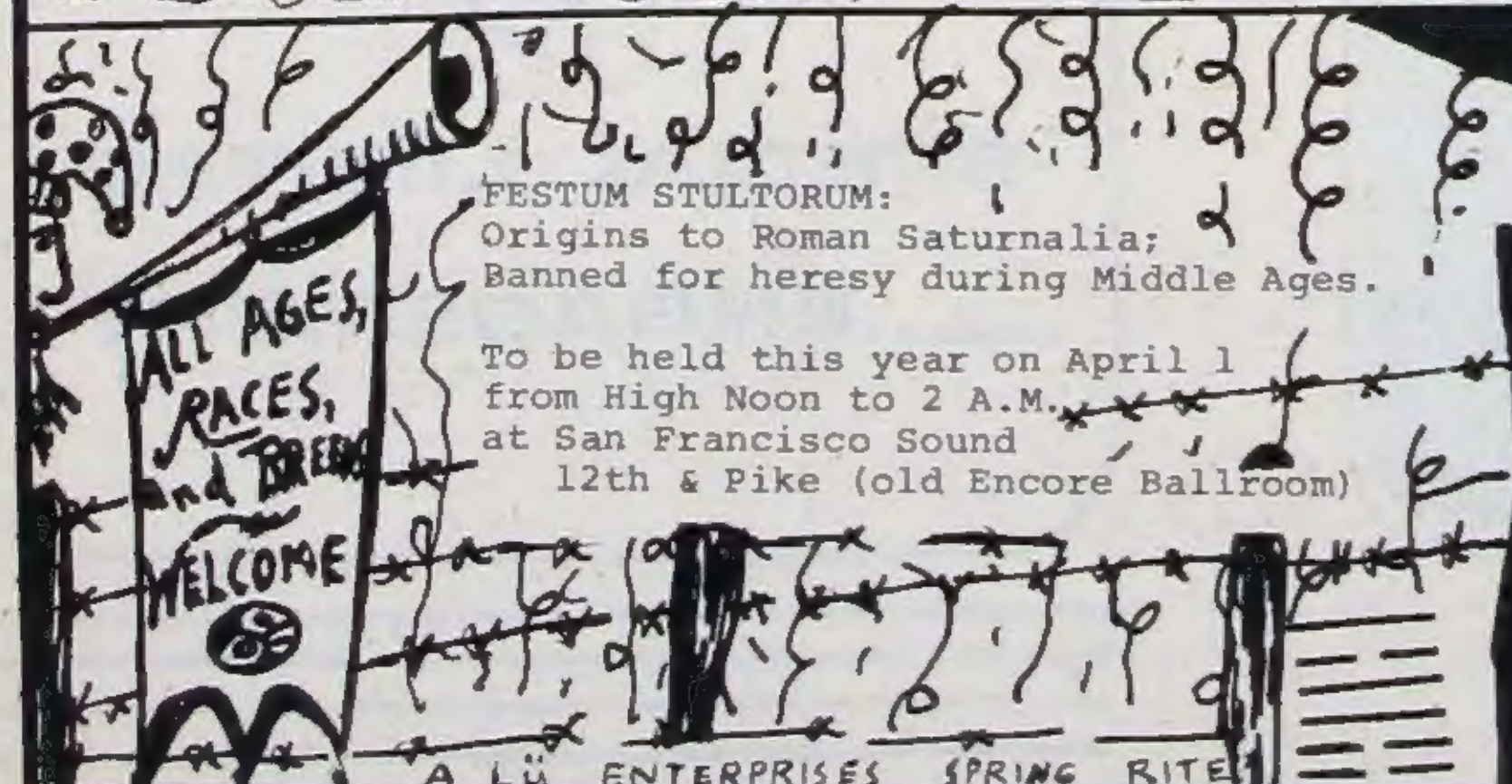
half-hour of silent prayer and meditation for all FREEBIES killed in the War on Poverty. . . CO-OP Lights and REFRESHMENTS

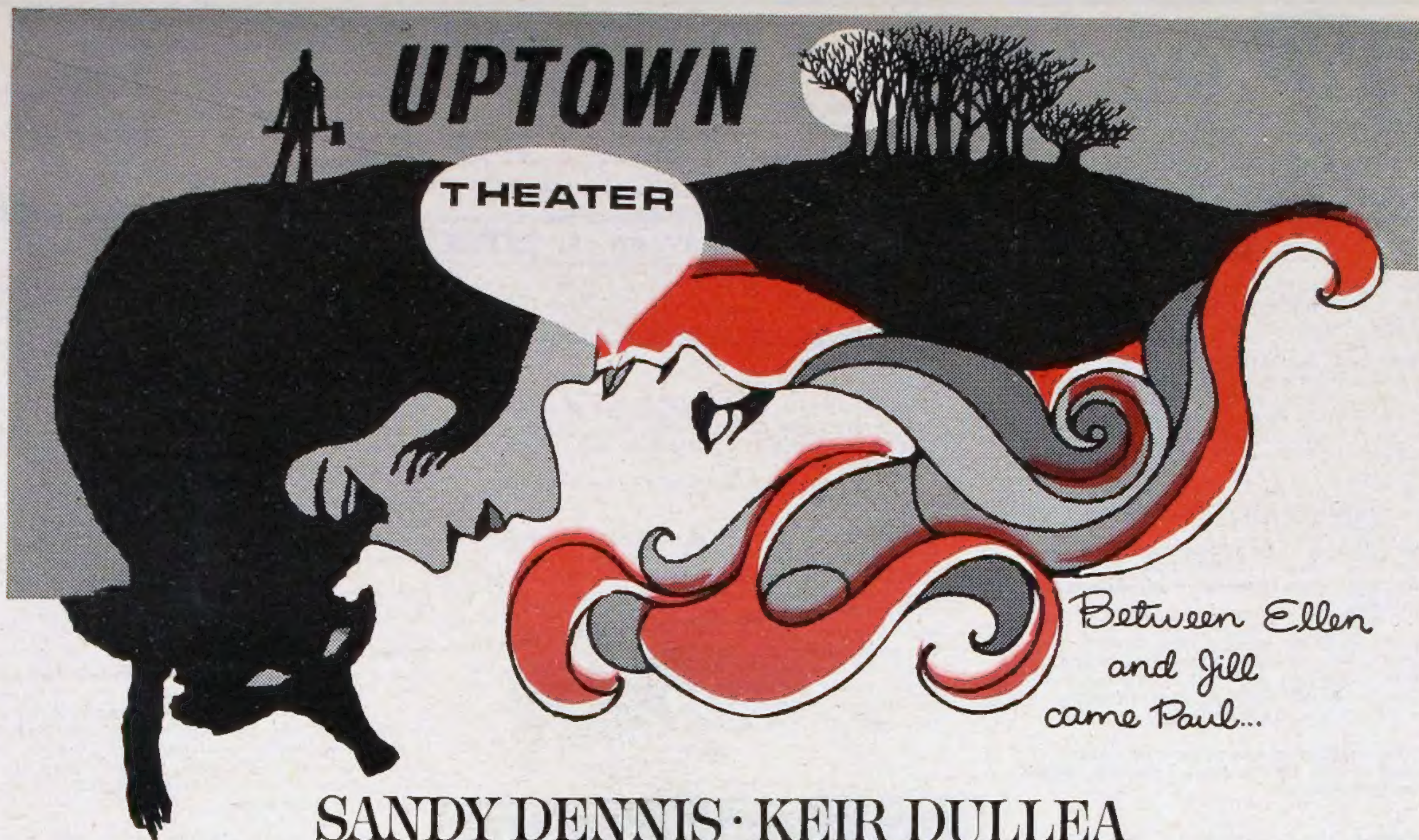
TICKETS ON SALE AT THE FOLLOWING LOCATIONS:
in SEATTLE, AMERICAN DREAM BLACKLIGHT COMPANY, PATTY'S FANCIES, LET IT SHINE HANGOUT PARLOR

in TACOMA, AMPERSAND (on Sixth Avenue

in PORTLAND, PSYCHEDELIC SUPERMARKET

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and Jill
came Paul...*

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